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RABIES.

I.

RABIES is a disease which has been known from the earliest times. The dog may give it to man and to domestic animals. Animals, again, may communicate it to each other. At the time of writing this paper rabies is raging in England in a herd of deer in the park of the Marquis of Bristol, at Ickworth. The herd was composed of five hundred animals, and two hundred of them have already died, while the disease still rages. A rabid dog found his way into the park during the month of April last, and bit several animals, which died of rabies, but only after they had bitten a large number of their companions.*

A short time ago our knowledge of this disease was still surrounded by many popular fallacies. Old writings, recent papers even, state that rabies may originate spontaneously, and the occasional causes producing the disease are likewise described. In the streets of certain towns one may see along the walls, in the summer time, small tin vessels filled with water in order that dogs may satisfy their thirst. Many think that unless such precautions are taken some animals must become rabid. Nevertheless, it is a fact that, in whatever physiological or pathological conditions a dog or any other animal is placed, rabies never makes its appearance in that animal unless it has been bitten or licked by another suffering from rabies at the time the wound was inflicted. Every person who

* This information has been given me by Mr. Adams, demonstrator of pathology at Cambridge University, who is now being inoculated at the Pasteur Institute. This young and very distinguished scientist cut himself with a knife soiled with nervous matter, whilst performing a post-mortem examination on one of these rabid animals.

is of opinion that rabies may originate spontaneously—an opinion I am even now fighting against—will at once answer: "But there must have been, at some time or other, one first animal spontaneously afflicted with rabies." That answer simply opens up the whole question of the origin of things, a question which is altogether outside the domain of scientific investigation. Whence came the first man? Whence came the first oak tree? Nobody knows, and it is useless to discuss such mysteries. Observation alone shows us that rabies never originates spontaneously. Nobody has ever proved the existence of spontaneous rabies, though many have attributed to it the symptoms of epilepsy, a disease frequently met with in the canine species. Further, it never breaks out in any country unless when introduced there by an animal bitten in another place where rabies is endemic. Many islands in the Pacific Ocean are quite free from it. It is not met with in the wide Australian continent, Norway, or Lapland. And yet these countries will be free of it only so long as they take proper measures to prevent the introduction of dogs which, after being bitten in another country, carry the virus with them in a latent form.

Moreover, it is not difficult to prove that rabies is a disease which cannot appear *de novo* under any physiological conditions, and that its spontaneous origin is quite impossible. We know nowadays that contagious or virulent affections are caused by small microscopic beings which are called microbes. The anthrax of cattle, malignant pustule of man, is produced by a microbe; croup is produced by a microbe. . . . The microbe of rabies has not been isolated as yet, but, judging by analogy, we must believe in its existence. To resume: every virus is a microbe.

Although these beings are of infinite smallness, the conditions of their life and propagation are subject to the same general laws which regulate the birth and multiplication of the higher animal and vegetable beings. They, like the latter, never have a spontaneous origin; like the latter, they are derived from beings similar to themselves. It has been proved, without the shadow of a doubt, that, in the present state of science, the belief in spontaneous generation is a chimera. If it be said that life must have appeared on this earth spontaneously at some period or other, I must repeat the statement

which I made just now, namely, that the origin of all things on earth is hidden behind an impenetrable veil. In short, rabies is not a spontaneous disease.

As it is always due to the direct inoculation of its virus by a rabid animal, it is easy to understand that simple police measures will suffice to stamp out this horrible disease, more especially in insular countries like England or Ireland. Two or three years would perhaps be enough to eradicate it, if owners were compelled to muzzle their dogs or to lead them by a string when in the streets. The destruction of all wolves in the United Kingdom was a far more difficult task, and yet it was successfully accomplished.

Everybody, medical men especially, agree in thinking that rabies, in man at least, is an incurable disease. If a man be bitten by a rabid animal in such a manner that he must necessarily die of rabies, his health may nevertheless remain perfectly good for several weeks, though the treacherous virus creeps on in his body, carried by the blood or finding its way along the nerves, until it invades the nervous centres. It is always first found in the latter, and thence passes into the salivary glands. The first symptoms now make their appearance: fear of water and of all liquids, intense headache, spasms of the throat, dilated pupils, haggard eyes, severe pain or mere itching at the seat of the bite. In rare cases the patient tries to bite; if so, he bites the bed clothes, but the people near him only in rare cases. He expectorates frequently, whilst convulsive movements follow on the slightest breath or draught of air. He is afraid of shining objects, and the slightest noise causes him to start. . . . These are some of the striking signs of the disease. If one or several of these morbid symptoms make their appearance, rabies is present, and, whatever may be done, runs its own independent and fatal course. Death, sometimes preceded by horrible sufferings and indescribable maniacal attacks of fury, shortly follows.

Strange to say, this disease, on which the resources of medicine have no effect, has been treated in all countries by an endless number of remedies, all supposed to be infallible. There is no country in Europe or America, be it small or large, in which persons are not to be found who are supposed to be able to cure rabies, or in which practices which are said to prevent the occurrence

of the disease may not be studied. The erroneous belief on which such practices are based is due to the fact that it is difficult for men in general to apply to their knowledge of facts, more or less mysterious in their nature, and the causation of which is unexplained, the precepts derived from experimental methods. The human mind is always struck by anything which appears to be marvellous. A man, for instance, will often believe the quack who tells him that a stone of a certain kind, or a plant, will prevent the evil effects of a bite from a rabid animal, provided this stone or plant be merely placed in contact with the wound. He may say even that he has personally experienced the good effects of such a practice, if rabies has not followed the application of the remedy to one patient. He forgets that to draw such a conclusion must necessarily be a mistake, simply because every bite from a rabid animal is not always followed by the breaking out of the disease in the person so bitten. Now, suppose a hundred people to have been bitten by rabid dogs, how many will die of this terrible disease? It is difficult to answer such a question. Moreover, the number of victims varies for several reasons. Nevertheless, it is generally supposed that if the deaths taking place among a large number of persons bitten by rabid animals be added up, and if their seat and gravity be not taken into account, the mortality among persons bitten amounts to 15 or 20 per cent. In other words, more than eighty out of a hundred persons suffer no evil effects from the bite. It is easy therefore to be deceived as to the value of any preventive remedy. For, if we apply it to a small number of persons, it will seem to have been successful in four cases out of five. Is that not more than sufficient to warrant a quack, whose advice is taken, to say that his remedy is infallible, and to cause ignorant men to blindly share his belief?

The experimental method judges facts more severely. That method teaches us that, if we are to believe in the efficacy of a preventive remedy against rabies among persons bitten by rabid animals, it would be necessary, in the first place, to discover a process enabling the experimenter to reproduce rabies in an animal at will. A number of dogs having then been inoculated with rabies, according to that process, would have to be divided into two batches, the remedy being applied to one batch and the

disease being allowed to run its course unopposed in the other, until death followed. It would be easy to compare the course of the disease in the two lots, and the action of the remedy could thus be conclusively demonstrated, provided rabies and death did not follow the introduction of the virus into animals treated by the remedy. We have tested in this way remedies which are supposed to be able to prevent the occurrence of rabies, and are said by their owners to be infallible, but we have never obtained any satisfactory results.

It is not so easy as one might think at first to successfully inoculate a series of animals with rabies. We have formerly called attention to the fact that, if dogs be bitten by rabid animals, the disease does not appear in all of them. A direct subcutaneous inoculation of the saliva of a rabid dog is hardly more successful. The saliva contains, together with the microbe of hydrophobia, other microbes of various kinds which may give rise to abscesses and other morbid complications and thus prevent the occurrence of rabies. In short, only a few years ago, experimenters would not have known where to find the virus in a pure state, nor how to use it in such a way as to produce rabies and nothing but rabies. Luckily, these two difficulties were overcome at the same time by the following discovery. If the autopsy of an animal dead of rabies be made, and if a small portion of the brain, spinal cord, or, better perhaps, of the thicker part of the cord which unites this to the brain—a part which is called *medulla oblongata* or *bulbus*—be taken, and if this portion of the central nervous system be crushed in a sterilised fluid, with all necessary antiseptic precautions, and if a small quantity of this fluid be now introduced on the surface of the brain of a chloroformed animal (dog, rabbit, or guinea pig) by means of a hypodermic needle, after trephining, the animal thus inoculated will contract rabies to a certainty, and that in a relatively short time; that is, in a period not exceeding fifteen days or three weeks.

Do you wish, then, to test any remedy which is said to prevent the occurrence of rabies? Take two dogs and inoculate both of them with the virus in the manner which has just been described. Now give that remedy to one of the dogs before or after the operation, as many times as you like, and leave the other dog to take its

chance. You will then notice that rabies makes its appearance as readily in the first as in the second animal. Of course we have not tested in this way *all* the numerous remedies praised by quacks, but we have tried some which are said to have proved most successful, without meeting with the least success.

Very different results are obtained if the method which I explained before the Académie des Sciences de Paris, on October 16th, 1885, be used. That method of vaccination resembles in many of its general characteristics the methods of prophylaxis against contagious diseases which are based on the inoculation of attenuated virus. The injection of such attenuated virus vaccinates animals, and thus enables them to resist the attack of the corresponding strong virus.

Every virus, or rather all virulent and infectious microbes, may be attenuated by natural or artificial means. The virus of small-pox in man is represented in an attenuated condition by the cow-pox virus of bovine animals. The latter has been produced—at least so I am inclined to think—by accidental and successive inoculations of human small-pox virus on the udders of cows, and its present state of virulence has at last become "fixed" there. In the same way the virus of rabies is greatly modified by successive inoculations on monkeys or rabbits.

Similarly, again, the fatal virus of anthrax is modified by the action of air and heat until at last it is rendered harmless. It passes through intermediate stages, however, in which it may still prove fatal to animals of small size but harmless when inoculated into domestic animals, although it vaccinates the latter against the attacks of the primitive fatal virus. In the same way the virus of rabies may be attenuated to any desirable degree by the action of air and moderate heat, and may then, when inoculated into animals, enable them to resist the action of the primitive fatal virus. In other words, one may produce in a dog a state in which it is impossible for that animal to contract rabies. Take a dozen dogs, vaccinate them in the manner which I have just mentioned, and then inoculate them at the surface of the brain with the pure virus of rabies. Then perform the latter operation, at the same time, on twelve other non-vaccinated animals. Not one of the first dozen will contract the

disease, but the twelve other animals will all die of it after exhibiting all the various symptoms typical of rabies, resembling in every particular those produced by the bite of a rabid animal wandering about the streets. The experiments which I have just mentioned, showing that dogs may be vaccinated against rabies, may be successfully repeated on other dogs even if they have been bitten by rabid animals before the inoculations are begun, provided too long a period has not elapsed between the time of the bite and that of the protective inoculations. The success of such a course of treatment depends on the usually long period of time intervening between the day of the bite and the period at which the first symptoms of rabies show themselves. The immunity due to vaccination is produced in animals before the period at which the acute symptoms of rabies ought to appear. This is indirectly but fully proved by the fact that, if the period of incubation in a dog be much shortened, our method may not prove successful in vaccinating that animal. If the virus be, for instance, inoculated at the surface of the brain, the disease often follows as early as two weeks after the inoculation. It is noticeable that, in order to protect an animal efficiently under these conditions, the whole process of preventive inoculations must be carried on as quickly as possible, if that animal is to be efficiently vaccinated before the fatal symptoms of rabies appear.

It is necessary to demonstrate by experiments that an animal may acquire immunity against rabies if it be submitted to the prophylactic treatment of which we have spoken here. Of course, all experiments demonstrating this fact must be made on animals only, and all trials on men must not only be forbidden but, moreover, must be considered as criminal. Nevertheless, we are justified in thinking that results obtained on animals may, for the most part at least, be obtained in man also. Now it is easy to prove that a dog previously vaccinated and so rendered incapable of contracting rabies may be inoculated under the skin with almost any quantity of the purest and strongest virus, without this inoculation being followed by any evil consequences. Vaccinated dogs have been inoculated on different occasions with several cubic centimètres of virus taken from the *medulla oblongata* of dogs dead of rabies, without noticeable evil effects, although such inoculations were effected not only once but

every day during several months. Vaccinated dogs during the year succeeding this operation are not injuriously affected by the bites of rabid animals.

Some years ago I brought together at Villeneuve l'Etang many dogs vaccinated during the year 1884, and placed them in a large kennel. After having demonstrated the fact that in 1885 and 1886 the larger number of these animals, though not all (eleven out of fourteen in 1885, four out of six in 1886), had not suffered any harm from the inoculation of the *rage des rues* (street rabies) even when the virus was deposited on the surface of the brain, I came to the conclusion that, after all, it was only necessary to know whether such vaccinated animals would be able to resist the action of the virus when introduced by a bite. Accordingly, in 1887, 1888, and 1889, vaccinated animals were merely bitten by dogs suffering from rabies, and not inoculated under the skull. In 1887, the vaccinated dogs suffered no evil effects after being inoculated by the bite of a rabid dog. In the month of July, 1888, five dogs vaccinated in the year 1884 were bitten, together with five non-vaccinated animals. The five vaccinated animals are now (August, 1889) still in perfect health, whereas, of the five others, three died of rabies and two are living now. At the time of writing a similar experiment is in progress on another group of animals vaccinated in 1884. If these animals resist, and if all or some of the non-vaccinated animals die of rabies, it will be a positive proof that the artificial immunity against fresh bites from rabid animals may extend over a period exceeding five years. However great the advances made in our knowledge of the etiology and prophylaxis of rabies among animals may have been, these results were interesting, chiefly because they justified us more and more in hoping that the preventive methods against rabies might be successful in the case of men bitten by rabid animals. But the question was how to summon up courage enough to make that trial and to overstep the frontier which separates man from animals. If it be true that the Goddess of Chance helps men who are determined to find out the truth, we are certainly justified in thinking that she did so under the circumstances which I am about to relate.

LOUIS PASTEUR.

(To be concluded.)

ANONYMITY?

SHAPED otherwise, it is the question of the relative advantages of signed and unsigned articles in the newspapers.

Which is the better system for the newspaper Press as an institution? Which is better for the newspaper proprietor? Which offers more to the writers in the newspapers? Which is preferable in the interests of the ever-increasing multitude of newspaper readers?

The question is none the less deserving of fair and serious discussion that this is by no means the first time of asking it. It has been raised on various occasions during the last twenty years, but I do not know that the attempt has been made until now to draw out and bring together the opinions held upon it by a certain number of those whose interest in it is personal and immediate. This attempt it seemed well to make for two reasons. In the first place, I could advance but a very feeble claim to be heard out of my own mouth alone. A dozen years of plodding in those paths of journalism which the anonymity of our system makes all but hopelessly obscure scarcely embolden a modest quill-driver to bawl his opinions from the housetops in the ears of newspaper editors and proprietors—persons in whose palpable presence he bites his pen and blushes. In the second place, I could not but think that a single utterance—let it be never so authoritative—on a subject whose bearings are really so much wider and more important than one at first inclines to believe would be less acceptable, inasmuch as it would necessarily be less representative, than a collection of utterances from persons whose right to be heard all journalists would acknowledge.

I addressed myself accordingly to some five-and-thirty persons, of

whom the greater number are writers, and journalists, by profession; and, thanks to the extreme courtesy with which (in almost every instance) my request has been answered, I am able to present an interesting body of opinion on the subject.

Not all of the replies that are before me are available for publication, but of those that are the number is sufficient to enable the reader to perceive at a glance what views are held about anonymous journalism by some of the best and vividest of the personalities that give its force to the impersonal English Press.

The present time seems fitting for an inquiry of this sort. It is seven years since Mr. John Morley, discussing in the *Fortnightly Review* the effect of the signed article on periodical literature (an experiment which the founder of that Review, George Henry Lewes, was the first to make), wrote: "The newspaper Press has not yet followed the example of the new Reviews, but we are probably not far from the time when here, too, the practice of signature will make its way." "The childish imposture of the editorial 'We,'" added Mr. Morley, "is already thoroughly exploded." Considerable changes have been witnessed in the newspaper Press, even since Mr. Morley wrote those words; changes which have brought the Press into much more intimate relations with, and have caused it much more clearly and faithfully to reflect, the individual, personal life of its day: the Press has been more and more taking the tone of "a man speaking to a man"; yet "the childish imposture of the editorial 'We'" still holds sway. It is the purpose of this article to inquire what good or effective end (if any such) is secured at this day by the maintenance of the incognito in the columns of the newspaper Press. The example of those Reviews that have achieved both fame and popularity, chiefly through the adoption of the signature, which has enabled their editors to bring together so many men so various in opinion and so distinguished in power, is interesting in the extreme. To be sure, the example of the Reviews is one which the managers of newspapers might not always find it either prudent or possible too closely to imitate; but, apart from the prejudice which usage breeds, and which cleaves with tenfold tenacity to usages that are immemorial, is there anything in the constitution of a newspaper

which renders impossible the application to it of a system that has made the periodicals tingle with actuality? Anonymity is the immemorial usage of English journalism. Is it any longer the best usage?

Believing, as I do, that anonymity is far indeed from being the best principle on which to conduct a newspaper, that the power of the unsigned article is enormously overrated, and that the morality of the matter lies almost wholly upon the other side, I count myself fortunate in being able to lead off with the following words from Mr. Gladstone:—

"My opinions are decidedly favourable to making known the authorship of articles. I have myself only thrice in the course of my life written with the intention of secrecy: this was only for a time, and only because the obtrusion of my personality would, at the moment, as I thought, be officious and unbecoming.

"Lord Brougham was in favour of extending this rule even to the newspapers. The point is difficult, but there is much to be said in favour of his view."

Mr. Gladstone shall be followed by Mr. William Black, who, without discussion of detail, declares himself, briefly but greatly to the point, in favour of the signed article.

"I am distinctly in favour," writes Mr. Black, "of having all articles in newspapers, reviews, and magazines signed, so that the public may know who it is whose opinions they are asked to accept. The mysterious 'We' is an imposition and an anachronism, besides depriving able writers—especially in politics—of the credit and position which is their due."

The case for signatures is there in little. But these views are general, and we must come to detail. Let us begin with the political leader, to which all newspapers give the place of honour. The majority of the writers who have touched on that point are agreed that the "leader" should be—as it invariably is—unsigned.

"I am of opinion," writes Mr. Justin M'Carthy, "that, for daily newspapers, political argument in the leading articles is better—I mean more effectively—conducted by means of unsigned articles."

Mr. Andrew Lang says:—"I fancy that political articles, in England at least, carry more weight when unsigned."

Mr. R. H. Hutton has chiefly in view, I imagine, the political article when he says :—

"I think it is far easier to co-operate heartily, for a journal has to keep up its journalistic individuality, if the articles are unsigned. And if the managers of a journal make 'candour' one of its characteristic qualities, as many journalists now do, I think that that journalistic character will produce a much greater effect on anonymous than it could on named writers who have a personal reputation of their own for wit, or consistency, or severity, to keep up."

Mrs. Lynn Linton states her views thus :—

"I think the advisability of signed articles depends entirely on the subject and the name—also on the manner in which the paper is conducted. If, for instance, a paper represents the opinion of many influential minds, and a line is taken after careful deliberation and discussion, the hand which writes the words is of no more individual value than a copying machine. It is the *Times*, the organ of a grave and important section of thought, or the *Standard*, or the *DailyNews*—what you will; it is the concrete expression of many that is given, not the opinion of Smith Junior or the elder Jones. The editorial 'We' has, then, its real value. It is not a fictitious assumption. It is the 'We' of the editor, the proprietors, the Ministers perhaps: at all events it is the sign of a unified multitude, and its force is both great and legitimate. The admission of a signed political article goes no farther than toleration. It is not necessarily endorsement, and by the adoption of the signature the journal repudiates responsibility."

Mr. Joseph Cowen maintains that "Journalism is as much a trade as a profession. It is not always easy to harmonise the aims of a tradesman with the ideas of a literary man. Writers, if they signed their articles, would require them to appear as they were written. If they were revised, they would decline to sign them. But many of the best written leaders require the most revision. If not revised, they would involve the publisher in trouble, perhaps in ruin."

Mr. C. P. Scott, writing from the editorial sanctum of the *Manchester Guardian*, says :—

"I don't see that there is any question of principle involved. Leading articles could hardly be signed, because they are often not strictly individual compositions, or if signed they would be misleading."

Mr. Edward R. Russell, editor of the *Liverpool Daily Post*, considers that the signing of articles

"Would not conduce either to the excellence or influence of newspapers, as it would develop instead of repressing, the egotisms and peculiarities of 'members of the staff.' A newspaper should have an individuality, a 'record,' a continuity, a policy, and even a manner, independent of the *personnel;* and it should be the business of the editor to keep these up, just as, and in much the same degree as, a Prime Minister maintains the homogeneity and reasonable consistency of his Cabinet. In the leading columns, writers should have no personal equation to consider. They would not—or should not—accept the task of writing articles contrary to their serious convictions. But if they do write leaders they should have nothing to think of but their subject, their instructions, and the recognised policy of the paper. And any good editor will so revise his writers' articles that any obtrusion of themselves upon the scene may be retrenched. This is essential for the due power of a journal, unless the editor writes every 'Editorial'; and then what he writes as 'We' will be different—much more ministerial, so to speak—than anything he would write as 'I.' People of sense, even where the editors of newspapers are personally well-known and familiar in society—as in the great provincial towns and in the London clubs—quite recognise the distinction between the official and the personal tone, though it must be subtle and can never be allowed to amount to avowed divergence or cynical incongruity."

The vigorous indictment that follows is from the pen of Mr. L. F. Austin, one of the editors of the National Press Agency:—

"At first sight there is much to be said for the proposal to abolish anonymity. Why should not a writer for the Press have the full credit for his work? Look at the career that is open to the journalist in Paris. He may lay down the pen of the publicist to take up the portfolio of the Minister. The authority of this or that journal is

of no account to the Parisian, who enjoys the performances of his favourite literary swordsmen, the clash of whose weapons amuses the Boulevards and sometimes startles the birds in early morning in the Bois de Boulogne. Consider, too, the increased responsibility which would be attached to signed articles. The journalist would be more careful in his judgments, more accurate in his information, more skilful in his somersaults, if his signature carried with it the retribution of haste and carelessness. But I submit that the objections to the proposal are most formidable. The French example is practically worthless, for all the social and political conditions of French journalism are different from ours. A Parisian journalist, with not two sane ideas in his head, may be the idol of the *cafés* for years. No writer in London could get an equal reputation in the same way. Nor is it the least likely that our political system, or any department of it, would ever be administered by Mr. Hutton or Sir Edwin Arnold. The truth is that the power of the Press in England is based on anonymity. It is a purely impersonal force. If you were to split this into fractions, each of them labelled with a name which the public has probably never heard, the authority of our Press would speedily decline. You may sneer at 'We' as much as you please, but 'We' carries a weight which no name, however signal the ability of the writer, would ever command in this country. It is the English habit to regard a journal as an embodiment of collective opinion. The *Times* is the power, not the men who write in it. If their identity were forced upon us every day, the *Times* would lose half its influence. Moreover, this individuality would intensify all the disagreeable associations of the personal factor. When the *Pall Mall Gazette* was launched—in *Pendennis*, not Northumberland Street—the eloquent appeal to the gentlemen of England to rally round this new standard of their order was written by Captain Shandon in a debtors' prison. Had the gallant Captain signed his article, would the gentlemen of England have been deeply impressed by the noble sentiments of the gentleman in gaol? Every signature would be a focus of the animosities, rivalries, and unreasonable prepossessions which expose a man to illegitimate pressure. It is easy to say that no writer ought to be ashamed of his opinions, but will any experienced journalist tell me that he could be perfectly frank in all

circumstances if his name were shouted on the house-top? What would become of the freedom of literary censorship if every reviewer were liable to be cudgelled, or blackballed, or summoned for libel, or beslavered with the social flatteries which are the most dangerous foes of independence? So far from strengthening the sense of responsibility, the signed article would fatally weaken it. The Press would lose its courage; the temptations to corruption would be enormously increased. The change would lessen the weight of real opinion, multiply the most insidious forms of private interest, and sharpen the edge of personality."

Mr. George Moore, from whose letter I shall have occasion to quote more largely by-and-bye, says:—

"It seems clearly desirable to leave the political leader unsigned."

Dr. W. H. Russell expresses himself thus:—

"There is a newspaper view as well as a larger view to be regarded. The maintenance of the incognito in the case of leader-writers is, I think, calculated to encourage freedom of expression, and the treatment of subjects with the sense of confidence that one feels in writing a letter to a friend. That feeling of perfect independence would be lost if one were writing to a friend who was about to publish the correspondence *urbi et orbi*. For myself, I may say that I was always known, wherever I went, as the Special Correspondent of the paper I served so long, and my name was no secret to anyone. But I would have hesitated at times to incur the direct odium and hostility which my statements in print would have brought upon me if I had felt myself obliged to sign my name to all my letters. . . . My verdict would be—based on custom in and on our Press—as a *laudator temporis acti*, 'preserve anonymity.'"

M. Villars, the London correspondent of the Paris *Débats*, writes:—

"As to the question whether articles should be signed, opinions differ widely. Those who are in favour of anonymous journalism contend that unsigned articles have more power, as representing the collective opinion of men whose aim is to do their best to enlighten the public, and that the author, remaining unknown, is

not tempted to assert his individuality. In signed articles, they say, the writer is more inclined to call attention to himself than to discuss and argue dispassionately. The other side assert that the custom of signing articles develops in the writers' self-respect and the sentiment of their dignity, that it prevents men from changing their opinions, and that a journalist should be responsible for his writings before the public. Personally, I believe that, from the above arguments adduced in favour of both systems, the conclusion to be drawn is that political articles, being supposed to represent the views of a party, should be anonymous, but political articles only."

Mr. G. W. Smalley, the London correspondent of the *New York Tribune*, says:—

"The rule in America is unsigned editorial articles. What we call the editorial is supposed to have greater authority if unsigned; it is taken by the reader to express, and does in fact express, the whole body of opinion of the journal itself, with all its prestige and influence, and not merely the opinion of the writer. To complain of it as anonymous is beside the mark; the journal is responsible, the editor is responsible, and the editor is known. Nothing can be said without his sanction, and what matters to the public is that somebody should be accountable; whether it be X or Y matters little. The writer is responsible to the editor, and the editor to the public; it is a Parliamentary system, and it has yet to be shown that in America any real inconvenience results from it. As for journalists, the ablest of them come to the front easily and are, I think, more widely known than men of equal rank in the profession are known here. In short, the existing system is thought a good one, and there are no signs of a change."

Mr. H. D. Traill puts the case thus:—

"There are, of course, two sides to the question. It has, or is supposed to have, a bearing on the interests of the public; it certainly has a bearing on the interests of the individual journalist himself. As to the public, I don't see what they would gain by the signature of articles. If an article amuses, interests, instructs, or—to put a fantastic hypothesis—convinces them, they do not, or they ought not to, want to know the writer's name. It

is said, I am aware, that it is desirable on public grounds that they *should* know the writer's name. Some people say this because they think that it would, or at least in certain cases might, increase the influence of the newspaper article, and they wish to see the influence of the newspaper article increased. Other people say it because they think it would diminish the influence of the newspaper article, and they wish to see the influence of the newspaper article (when it appears in the wrong newspaper) diminished. 'You get,' they say to us, 'a fictitious authority out of the editorial "We." If you signed your name, the public, knowing you for the nincompoop you are, would recognise your article for the balderdash it is.' I do not agree with either party, for I believe that the influence, whatever it may be, of any newspaper would not be either increased or diminished one whit by the signature of its articles. Those who think otherwise confuse two totally distinct things, the *personal* authority, which an able political writer acquires for himself, and the *corporate* authority which inevitably attaches though, of course, in infinitely varying degrees, to every newspaper organisation. The influence of every newspaper article (of course I am now speaking of political articles alone) is made up of two factors—the 'I' and the 'We.' The 'I,' the individual journalist, contributes whatever he has of literary skill and intellectual ability to the presentation of a particular set of opinions, and would, if he signed his name, contribute whatever personal authority these qualities may have gained for him. The 'We,' the newspaper, adds whatever other authority the article possesses: that is to say, all that is due to those special means of information—special opportunities for forming judgment of public men and public affairs; special facilities for ascertaining public feeling—which a newspaper possesses, or may possess, in virtue of its position, but which no writer possesses in virtue of his talents alone. It is, of course, theoretically possible to assign a very large value to the 'I,' and a very small value to the 'We'—*e.g.*, an English M. John Lemoine writing leaders for the *Eatanswill Gazette*, and then, no doubt, the article would gain by signature; but in the case of all great newspapers, the authority, and therefore the *effective* influence, of the 'We' is so much greater than that of the 'I' that,

in my opinion, the article would gain nothing, if it lost nothing, in value—or, to take the 'hostile' point of view, in mischievousness—from appearing over its writer's name."

This is a strong body of opinion in support of the unsigned article. I should be diffident in opposing to it my own views, which are on the contrary side, were it not that I hope to be able to stay them up with the contents of letters that are in reserve.

To me, then, it seems that it is in the leading columns, above every other portion of the newspaper, that the reform of the signature is most to be desired. Its leading articles are the pillars of the newspaper; and it is to their anonymity, we are told, that the power of these articles is in the greatest degree owing. But how can that give power which is not a power in itself? To say that anonymity, *quâ* anonymity, gives power to writing is to argue as though anonymity were a mental quality. Two things are confounded: the power of the writing itself (which, whatever it may be, the presence or absence of the signature in no way affects) and the power which the reader chooses to read into it, in virtue of its anonymous character. Everything is opinion, wrote the Philosopher-Emperor of old; which a modern philosopher—imperial above most emperors in intellect—expounded to mean that "nothing really *is*; but imperfectly it *is*, or it is *not*, according to the hold which it has obtained over the general opinion of men." Peculiarly is it the case with anonymity in journalism, that its power is the hold it has obtained, *by reason* of that quality, over the general opinion of men. But anonymity is no more a force in itself than a sail without wind; though, as with the oracle of old, it may be constituted a force—and an almost superhuman one—by the credulous imagination of the multitude.

If the leading article be the sincere expression of a competent mind it will lose nothing in "weight" or in "effectiveness," amongst the thinking portion of the public, by being signed with its author's name. If it be the insincere expression of a mind, whether competent or incompetent, it may indeed, by being unsigned, impose upon the mass; but its power is then a hopelessly immoral one. The admission of a signed political article, says Mrs. Lynn Linton, goes no

further than toleration. But no article, signed or otherwise, should be accepted on any other than its own intrinsic merits; and I would suggest that there is a greater antecedent presumption of honesty (which is merit always, and power in the long run) in favour of signed articles than there is in favour of those that are unsigned. It is, at all events, certain that anonymity opens the door to any facile hack, to any mercenary of the quill who has "opinions" to sell to the highest bidder. And anonymity is no less a shelter to the dishonest or insincere journalist than a buckler to the forcible-feeble one; so that the ass may creep into the lion's skin and bray there with as "powerful" a noise as another about the "national sentiment" and "the country's honour." The "We" loses nothing of its mock solemnity when uttered in print by the merest charlatan. The public, Mr. Black insists, should know who it is whose opinions they are asked to accept. It is to the interest of the honest journalist that he should be known to the public; it is to the public's interest that the other class should be known to them.

It is to be noted, moreover, that nowhere, save in connection with the newspaper Press, do we hear this remarkable talk about the tremendous power and dignity of anonymous writing. Publishers and magazine editors know well enough the value that attaches to a reputed and reputable name. One has, therefore, an uncomfortable feeling that those newspaper managers who have most to say about the virtues of anonymity have no reputed and reputable names to offer us; but, in their place, an apparition in a mask—a *nominis umbra*. Such managers have, of course, every interest in maintaining the impersonal system.

But the intrinsic power of an anonymous political article is not contained in its anonymity. I would rather maintain that its anonymity is a hindrance to its power over all that is wisest and worthiest in the community. Does a political article in a Review carry less weight for being signed with an authoritative name? Is an anonymous book or pamphlet on some important question in politics more "weighty" or more "effective" in virtue of its anonymity than a book or pamphlet which exhibits on its title-page the name of some acknowledged and trusted political guide?

Assuredly not! If the name be a worthy name, the work loses nothing and gains much by being signed.

It is a question, therefore, of the true worth of the name—that is to say, of the writer. "But," I shall perhaps be told, "you don't suppose that Prime Ministers, Cabinet Ministers, and leaders of the Opposition are going to take service as leader-writers on the staffs of the daily and weekly papers?" No, I don't suppose any such thing; but I ask, in return, on what ground do lesser personages than these—when writing anonymously in the newspapers about things on which, perhaps, they are often not a great deal better informed than the rest of the world—assume, behind the mask of anonymity, an authority which the Most Noble This, or the Right Honourable That, does not presume to clothe himself with on any public occasion whatever? They assume such an authority because they know that there is a large section of the public which is willing to impose on itself, and which does impose on itself, a belief that the use of the "We" in place of the "I" endows the writer with a semi-miraculous wisdom. The power of anonymity is derived, in a word, from the willingness of the most credulous and ill-informed portion of society to accept and bow down to a huge and imposing symbol without consideration as to whether there be any reality with which the symbol corresponds. The "We" is undoubtedly a symbol of enormous power. But is there, in very many instances, an actuality of power behind it? Amid the mass of anonymous political writing in the English Press, there is much that is both powerful and honest; but who will deny that there is at least an equal quantity of such writing that carries its brand of insincerity on its front—writing that is inspired by the most vulgar considerations of "policy," "interests of the paper," and interests of the proprietor's till?

To any fair-minded reader, for example, journalistic sincerity, journalistic infallibility (as embalmed in certain anonymous editorials), journalistic standards of truth, journalistic notions of dignity, honesty, candour, and fairplay must appear rather curious things on the morning after a political election. It is on such an occasion as this that anonymous journalism is tested, and on such an occasion that it is apt to show at its worst. Is the

spectacle to be matched anywhere else in the world? What a puzzle it would present, say, to some friendly Houyhnhnm on a visit to these shores! Journalism, says Mr. Cowen, in his interesting letter, is as much a trade as a profession. Granted: but when the tradesman-journalist comes to discuss the results of political elections, he puts off his apron, plucks down his signboard, and proclaims himself the nation's mouthpiece. If he would allow us to dub him, at this crisis, a mere chapman, to consider him as an agent paid to advertise the wares of this or that political party, we would tolerate and take him at his worth. But this he will not do. He is the national spokesman, and all the other newspaper-tradesmen are fraudulent imitators of the national trade-mark. His name, however, is legion; whence it results that the nation has scores upon scores of mouthpieces; and while each of them utters a different truth, all the truths are true alike. They offer us, without a blush, the *reductio ad absurdum* when they assure us, with scarcely-concealed contempt for our understanding, that the gains of this or that political party are really losses,—that white is indubitably black. Certain Tory hacks of the Press tell us this when a seat is won by the Radicals; certain Radical hacks are no less mendacious when the victory is on the other side. There is a public which believes in the "dignity," the "honesty," and the "power" of an anonymous Press that does not think twice about tricking it in a fashion as brazen as this. But if the political article were signed, would the political journalist who rated his reputation for intelligence and honesty at a straw's value be willing to affix his signature to a piece of work in which he had been at pains to proclaim himself first a fool and next a rogue—and a little more of each than of either?

I will not pretend to argue that the substitution of the "I" for the "We" would banish all such hideous work as this from the columns of the newspaper Press; but the tendency of the change would unquestionably be to bring the honest writer to the fore, and to make employment less easy to be procured by the dishonest. For the impersonal system, whilst it fosters if it does not encourage insincerity in political writing, operates no less surely to repel from the service of the Press the best political intellect of the day; since

that system offers to the individual journalist not a single one of those rewards—fame, personal influence, and pecuniary gain proportionate to value of labour—with which every profession except the journalist's tempts the ambitious and the able. And in this connection another argument enters. For if the best political intellect of the day is not engaged in the service of the Press, how can it be pretended that the voice of the Press is the wisest and most authoritative voice of the country? Further than this, it may be said, once for all, that the voice of an anonymous Press never will be, and never can be, the wisest and most authoritative voice of the country.

The authority of anonymity is in its very essence a fictitious authority. I may make a plural of myself for the purposes of a newspaper article, but the public and I are fools together if we suppose that the assumption of plurality clothes me with infallibility, or gives me one jot or tittle of real power that would not be mine if I spoke merely in my own name. An *imago* of power it may indeed confer on me (in my anonymous capacity), but whatever intellectual profit results from the exercise of that power is credited to the journal, and whatever pecuniary profit it may bring is pocketed by the proprietor. When I am assured that anonymity constitutes the main power of the English Press, and have satisfied myself that anonymity at its best is a bodiless thing, a poor negation, I have a disquieting notion that the power of the English Press may be, after all, a mere Cock Lane Ghost—real enough whilst one chooses to believe in it, but which the breath of an awakened public, grown weary of ghostly impositions, might suddenly blow into nothingness.

We are still confronted, however, with the all but universal superstition that the leading article is an expression not of individual but of collective opinion, and with the consequent belief that the combined opinions of several minds must be more authoritative than the opinion of one mind. There *are* journals conducted on the lines suggested by the thoughtful letters of Mr. Hutton and Mrs. Lynn Linton; and the anonymous "editorials" of such journals are amongst the best that are written. But it is not to be gainsaid, I think, that the bulk of the sincerest and most powerful

writing in the political Press is the expression of one mind and not of many minds. The "We" is not really "We"; it is "I." If this be so, what or whose interest is served by the maintenance of the incognito? Not the interest of the writer, assuredly; and not, I think, the interest of the public. The writer suffers in his proper dignity by being compelled to withhold his name from his work in obedience to a custom which has its chief sanction in the credulity of *le gros public;* and in what other respects he suffers I have already shown. As for the public, it ought to be a sufficient objection to the anonymous system that, whilst this system does not and cannot give any *real* force to the work of an honest writer, the dishonest may borrow from it a *simulacrum* of power which, if his mask were stripped from him, would vanish at once.

There is then the question of the newspaper's "policy." It is here, I think, that the purely commercial aspect of journalism comes most prominently and disagreeably into view. No one will traverse Mr. E. R. Russell's assertion that a newspaper should have its policy—should be consistent (in so far as consistency may comport with fair and honest criticism) in its advocacy of a certain set of definite political opinions. But when the determination of the newspaper proprietor to stick through thick and thin to "policy" reduces his leader-writer to the necessity of proving that white is black, "policy" clearly becomes (like Ser Francesco's horse) "a sad, dangerous beast,"—a beast, moreover, which the self-respecting journalist will scarcely care to mount. The shackles of a "policy" which to-morrow's result at the polling-booths may reduce to such a shift as this are never likely to be assumed by any journalist whose "opinions" are worth printing.

Mr. Austin recalls the situation of Captain Shandon in the debtors' prison; and asks, if the gallant Captain had signed his article, would the gentlemen of England have been "deeply impressed" by his noble sentiments? No; I scarcely think they would have been; and I will venture to inquire of my friend, Mr. Austin, whether the gallant Captain is to stand as the type and flower of anonymous journalism? To my thinking, Thackeray's description of Captain Shandon writing his "eloquent appeal" in the debtors

gaol is the profoundest satire upon the whole institution of anonymous journalism that could be produced.

But let me call to my support the testimony of better pens than mine.

Mr. James Runciman writes :—

"Journalists who are honest have all the worst of the bargain at present. In almost every other profession a man has the chance of getting the very substantial rewards that come from being known ; but the newspaper writer fritters himself away. He has influence, but he has nothing else. If the public only knew it, they would be saved from many a blunder and many an unholy deception if men were compelled to stick their names at the foot of their articles. As it is, we cannot say to the majestic leader-writer : 'Stop your posing, and throw away that cloak and mask : then we'll tell you whether you're good-looking or not.' So the most pitiful of scraggy weaklings can go round and figure as a strong personage. I should like people to know who some of their teachers are. You see a fellow pitchforked into the editor's chair ; his English is a printed torment ; his culture is that of the 'show' spouter in a young men's Christian association ; his politics are the politics of the blacksmith's shop, and yet day after day his blather comes out, and his unsigned article impresses simple folk merely because it *is* unsigned. If you watch the newspapers after the Education Estimates have been read, you may see such a display of ignorance as will compel you to laughter. If the articles were signed, then you could pin a man and make him own that he lied through lack of knowledge ; but you can't pin a journal. I have known a fellow write attacks on his own political friends ; I have known him to turn out a raking attack on the Healy clause for a Tory paper, and an equally raking defence for a Liberal paper; I have passed his proof-sheets when he had done a perfectly scurrilous libel on himself. Such games are not uncommon. Again, the cleverest Conservative articles are often done by ambitious young Radicals, and the thing is easily managed, as you very well know. I have known another man who did a smashing Review article, in which he attacked all the staff of the journal on which he was making the better part of his living. I could go on

for a week, but I have said enough to show you how my bias tends."

Mr. G. A. Sala, though strongly opposed to the general adoption of signed articles, says in reference to the political leader:—

"I am disposed to think that, where journalists (by whom, in this particular, I mean writers of leading articles) are ambitious of political distinction, their ends might be more quickly served than is at present the case were they to sign their articles. The constituencies, or the caucuses, or the party wire-pullers might be led to select as Parliamentary candidates men of patent ability, who were able to advocate over their own signatures the views of this or that political sect."

The communication that follows is from Mr. T. P. O'Connor. I reserve a portion of his letter as argument in support of another side of the question.

"I am strongly in favour of signed articles in newspapers. The present system I consider unfair to journalists, and still more unfair to the public. . . . What is a leading article after all? It is not the opinion of many men, but of one. It is written not by many men but by one man. It is, of course, revised by the responsible editor. To that extent, and to that only, is the article the work of more than one hand. Being the work—with this small reserve—of one man, it should stand or fall as the work of one man. At present, the article in the English journal does not so stand. It is supposed to be the emanation, not of an individual, but of a mysterious corporation. We read of what 'the *Times* says,' or 'the *Standard* says.' Everybody knows that all this is mere nonsense and pretence. It is not what 'the *Times* says' or 'the *Standard* says,' but what Mr. Jones says, or Mr. Smith says; and that should be frankly stated. We should all after a while know what manner of man Mr. Jones of the *Times*, or Mr. Smith of the *Standard*, was; a true prophet or a mere charlatan; and we should appraise the opinions of Mr. Jones or Mr. Smith accordingly. This would make the leading article a good deal less imposing than it is under its present disguise; but it would be a truer description; and, in Heaven's name, let us have truth in all things."

And now let Mr. William Archer wind up the argument on the leading article.

"There are not many things I am sure of in this world, but the viciousness of anonymous criticism, whether political, social, or æsthetic, is one of them. It is morally vicious and artistically vicious : morally, because it destroys individual responsibility; artistically, because it crushes individual style. A newspaper, we are told, sacrifices its authority, its prestige, the moment it drops the collective 'We.' True, it throws off the mask of superhuman, ineffable wisdom which imposes so ludicrously on the multitude. Men tell each other with bated breath, 'The *Tribune* says this; the *Oracle* says that; the *Reverberator* is of such an opinion,' forgetting that *Tribune*, *Oracle*, and *Reverberator* are only Hobson, Dobson, and Jobson speaking grandiloquently through a resonant mouthpiece. 'Ah, but,' you say, 'the views are not Hobson's—they are the *Tribune's!* Do you think they are any the better for being insincere, or half-sincere? A paper's 'policy' represents the cowardice or bigotry of the most cowardly or bigoted person who has a voice in its councils. Hobson, Dobson, and Jobson are no doubt very clever fellows. Had they been trained to think things out for themselves, and to write down their conclusions as responsible human beings, they would probably have written much more wisely and much less tediously. As it is, they have been trained *not* to think for themselves, but to interpret the views of 'the paper' in the style of 'the paper.' It is only fair, of course, that 'the paper' should have its policy—in other words, that the collective cowardice of its proprietors should find official expression. Let us by all means have the policy formulated day by day in an editorial article or column of notes; but why reduce the whole political journalism of the country to this washed-out complexion? I do not argue that all signed articles would necessarily be honest expressions of competent opinion; but at least we should one day have a race of political writers habitually conscious of the possession of souls to be saved—or damned. We shrink from dis-illusioning the British public, which vaguely conceives some sort of superhuman intelligence behind the resonant editorial mask. But the deception is almost played out. Even the

British public is beginning to suspect that behind the magniloquent 'We' lurks, not the collective wisdom of a council of sages, but the collective cowardice of a clique of shareholders. The 'I' is to journalism what the eye is to the human face. In it resides expression, character, style. It is 'the immediate jewel of the soul.'"

These, then, are the arguments on both sides, and I think that the reader may prefer to sift and weigh them without the aid of a prejudiced party to the controversy.

I have little of the prophet's courage (cowed by remembrance of Landor's reflections on the relations that history has established between bold prophecy and broken heads) and will attempt no forecast of the future. Mr. O'Connor, Mr. Runciman, and Mr. Archer show a better pluck. Mr. O'Connor hopes "to live to see the day when the force of combination—which has done so much for other classes—will enable the journalists to compel the recognition of their work which signed articles would give." Mr. Runciman is less hopeful. "It does not seem likely," he thinks, "that you will ever get the proprietors of journals to give up the profit and the mysterious power which the anonymous article gives them." Mr. Archer rallies us again with an assurance that "The anonymous system has seen its best days. There was a time when the editorial 'We' sounded in men's ears like the crack of doom; now 'who so poor as do it reverence'? If you and I outlive the first decade of the new century I think there is every chance that we may yet read signed leaders in the *Times*."

All power to that prophetic wish!

Other questions remain to be considered. In dealing with these, further quotations will be made from many of the letters which have given its chief interest to this article; and there are various other letters to be presented.

TIGHE HOPKINS.

(To be concluded.)

WHY ITALY BELONGS TO THE TRIPLE ALLIANCE.

IN a brilliant article in the *Contemporary Review*, "Outidanos" asks why Italy is a member of the Triple Alliance. It has been said that it is not *what* is written that counts, but *who* wrote it, and this aphorism would imply that to answer an anonymous writer is a waste of time and strength. But in this case the question is an important one in itself, the writer's view is clearly stated and has attracted much attention, and on these grounds demands an answer. Moreover, there is no doubt that a nation which only lately came to be reckoned among the great European Powers is more especially bound to give an account of itself that the world may know what to expect of it.

"Outidanos" regards the presence of Italy in the Triple Alliance as mere childish folly, as unjustifiable presumption. Disregarding the form in which this accusation is couched, which, after all, is only of subjective importance, let us consider what measure of truth, if any, there may be in this severe judgment. It may be admitted that the conduct of external politics in Italy is not absolutely above censure; and many aver that Italy, at the close of her successful struggle for unity and independence, would have done well to abstain for a while from all active concern in external politics in order to devote her energies to her home affairs, to the consolidation of her constitution, and to the development of economic and financial prosperity—that first requisite of a sound foreign policy. In a word, many have thought that, in imitation of her present ally whose prudence does not preclude boldness on occasion, Italy has sought to become a great nation before assuming the burthens and responsibilities of the position. Here "Outidanos" has right on his side, but unfortunately

this is matter of ancient history which it would be more difficult to alter now than he seems to think. Moreover, since the Left came into power, that party felt the need of adding some success of their own to the achievements of the Right, if only in order to gain credit with the public; and as for the moment there was nothing to be done at home they turned their attention to foreign politics. The Right had had the good fortune, when in power, to constitute the nation, and to place the finances on a satisfactory footing. The temptation to profit by these wonderful achievements, and to win honour for itself with the prestige of the one and the means afforded by the other, was too strong for the Left to resist. No doubt patriotism is to be found in the ranks of this party, but each man puts his own interpretation on that word, and the attraction of playing the part of a great Power, even when unprepared for the *rôle*, was too great for many of them to resist. The few sane men were swept along by the majority, intoxicated with the successes of the past, and Italy was launched with apparent unanimity on the troubled sea of international politics. To retreat now, if not absolutely impossible, would be very difficult. The evil fate of the third person who interferes in a quarrel is never so imminent as when he seeks to withdraw from it; he is apt to bring down on himself the wrath of both the contending parties, and not without valid pretext. Practically the question resolves itself into this simpler form: granting that Italy is and must remain a factor in contemporary European politics, why should she range herself beside Germany? Why, in other words, does she form part of the Triple Alliance?—this is the question of the anonymous article in the *Contemporary*.

But in order to explain the most obvious matters to those who do not understand them, it is sometimes necessary to go some way back, and this may serve to elucidate matters of more paramount interest to Europe than the presence of Italy in the Triple Alliance. Italy has, as is well known, only one great question, the question of the Temporal Power of the Pope; but this is only a branch of the great latent question, the religious question, a difficulty which Italy shares with all the Latin races, and which is at the root of all the revolutions which have convulsed them for more

than a century. We will endeavour to throw some light on this matter, as it contains the hidden cause of many things which appear inexplicable in these nations, and contains also the answer to "Outidanos'" question.

It is contrary to the very nature of humanity, as we know it, to separate morality and faith, civilisation and religion; and every community which has tried to do so has only brought about its own dissolution. And yet for nearly a century—that is, for the whole of the so-called Revolutionary period—the Latin nations have exhausted themselves in the attempt to effect this divorce.

It is true that in all nations religious faith has been attacked by the modern philosophic and scientific movement, but among the northern races the strife is carried on without bitterness and without prejudice. And hence it is that, though faith was at first rudely shaken, the progress of research and discussion has revealed the weak points of the philosophical analysis, while it has also rendered homage to certain grand results unattainable save by faith. In these lands the last word is yet unspoken. While the matter is fought out in the camp of liberty the outward aspect of these countries is still entirely Christian, and even their faith does not disturb their scientific progress nor hinder the development of their national institutions, just as these do not make the destruction of faith their special object.

The Revolution, on the contrary, called *French* from its origin but now common to all the Latin nations, is mainly a war against the religion of our fathers which, in the name of civilisation, it incessantly seeks to destroy without considering for a moment what is to be substituted in its place. This war is carried on by a minority indeed, but a minority which includes the intellect and the strength of these nations, and which, by reason of its superiority, is master of the Government, of education, and of the Press, that is, of all the means at the disposal of modern society for a successful propaganda.

If the object of this war were attainable, it would have been most certainly attained, so constant are the efforts and so powerful the means employed. But though these attacks have succeeded in weakening moral obligations among the masses, in discrediting

their source, and lessening their authority, yet they can construct nothing like stable order.

In fact, observation shows that a double movement is taking place in the Latin nations ; on the one hand the action of the governing classes, and of all public administrations, which seeks to eradicate every religious principle from the national conscience ; and on the other the instinctive reluctance on the part of the people to despoil themselves and to live without their ancient faith, if for no other reason than the instinct of self-preservation inherent in all communities. Yet these institutions, once so powerful as a social tie, are now discredited and weakened by attack, and where they are still observed it is not seldom merely from custom, and, as it were, almost mechanically. The form of the old morality remains, but it no longer has sufficient weight with the masses to preserve society, while all the utterances of philosophy are insufficient to construct and give authority to any new code. In a word, as they abandon their religion these nations undermine their civilisation, and while the northern races, making use of all their various forces without divisions and without hatreds, advance rapidly to the conquest of liberty and prosperity, the Latin races, divided against themselves and torn with intestine strife, are a prey to constantly-recurring crises of more or less violence, which never solve any difficulty and often threaten to bring ruin and destruction in their train.

What are the causes of this state of things? Whose is the fault? There is no doubt that the Liberal parties, from which the minority we have alluded to is recruited, have in the excitement of the strife ignored this wider aspect of affairs, and therefore share the responsibility for the condition to which they have reduced their respective countries. Nevertheless, we must not forget certain historical causes which have contributed to bring about the present condition of affairs, for it is only by a knowledge of these that we can appreciate their consequences.

A number of co-efficient causes which cannot be recapitulated within the limits of an article, but which can easily be traced in the history of the world, have resulted in a constant tendency of the ecclesiastical policy of the Roman Church to develop if not to exaggerate in their application two of her principal characteristics,

the principles of authority and unity. By virtue of this second principle the Church has constantly assimilated and systematised all the elements which she embraces, and over which she holds sway; in the name of the first, she has ever striven to deprive her adherents of liberty, especially of the liberty of thought and discussion under whatever form.

That tendency of the policy of the Church has led to the ever widening separation in every Catholic country of the religious and civil consciences. The great danger which threatens the Latin nations lies in the antagonism of these two consciences. They are dragged in opposite directions by the conflicting character of the obligations to which each owes allegiance, they are ever at war; one-half the nation is in opposition to the other half.

When faith was more earnest, and the authority of the Church consequently prevailed in the councils of European nations, her interference, though sometimes the cause of quarrels, never produced serious difficulties, because there was no serious resistance. Indeed, there was a period when it seemed as if the Church's ideal was fully attained. It was only with the re-awakening of thought, and its consequent reaction upon faith, that this antagonism arose. Its earliest manifestation was the great schism known as the Reformation. From this great movement arose a different religious profession and a different form of civilisation, which do not concern us here. But in Catholic countries the same event, the revival of learning, did not produce the same effect, that is, a modification of the ancient religion, a Reformation—the reaction took a different and very dangerous direction.

Owing to the progress of science and to the gradual development of Liberalism in politics, the authoritative and universal rule of the Church, though nominally recognised, has encountered every day an increasing number of irreconcilable tendencies, now at last grouped under the formidable banner of revolution, which seeks neither to change nor to reform, but to destroy.

The practical result of this bitter warfare between Church and State is that neither the Conservative nor the Liberal party can establish a normal and ordered political life. The Conservative party is that which rests principally on tradition, and hence—in

a Christian country—on Christian faith and morality. Now, when in the vicissitudes of politics this Conservative element coalesces with the Church, the religious conscience awakes and conflicts inevitably with the political conscience; and those who persist in the effort to conciliate the two find themselves, as we have seen in the case of more than one well-known name, "hated alike of God and of His enemies," and are not encouraged to renew the attempt.

Hence the Conservative forces, unable to range themselves under their natural banner because of its exclusiveness, are obliged to disperse and wander in search of expedients, and finally waste their strength in barren impotence. The Liberal masses, for want of efficient control, consume their energies in setting up and overthrowing Governments, employing all their strength in a work as laborious as it is vain, ever like Sisyphus rolling a stone up the slope down which it must fall again.

This state of things is common, more or less, to all the Latin countries; in Italy matters are yet further complicated by the question of the Temporal Power. The Papacy, absorbed in higher cares and yet accustomed for many centuries to the enjoyment of political power, does not take into consideration that Italy, which for centuries has been ravaged by her powerful neighbours, feels the need, now that all other nationalities have constituted themselves, of seeking in a new form of political existence—that is, in union—under a single government a guarantee and a protection against that "fatal gift of infinite woes" which she inherited from the social condition of the Middle Ages, and from her own stormy history. Still less does it consider if, and to what extent in modern days, it is practically possible that political power should be in the hands of the clergy. The Papacy pursues its object unremittingly, regardless of the risk of destroying the most precious possession of the country which shelters it, a country which was its most faithful ally, and even yet is perhaps the only one in which the majority of the inhabitants are still Catholic in custom and tradition. And still the Papacy strongly holds to its purpose, though it cannot be attained except by deadly strife, civil and foreign.

The last two Popes, indeed, have been comparatively peaceful;

and, partly by disposition, partly by the spirit of the age, they have been prevented from using all the means to gain their end that Gregory VII. or Boniface VIII. would have employed in a similar situation. Nevertheless, they committed themselves to the struggle, and as far as in them lay they have rendered it necessary and inevitable in all Catholic nations.

In consequence of the attitude of the Papacy, the Catholic conscience in all the Latin nations is divided against itself, torn between the political needs of the State and the aspirations of the Church; and the relations of the other Catholic Powers (and more especially of France) with Italy are rendered extremely difficult and precarious.

In reality, what has been the constant attitude of France? Has not rationalistic France followed in every instance and under every form of Government, from the Monarchical to the Radical Republican, on this particular subject the banner of her clergy? And would the clergy now be lacking in specious arguments to obtain a like result? Could not a conflict with Italy be represented as an easier form of revenge, and, in fact, an introduction to it? The argument is inconsistent, but would be tempting for the masses; and were the flag raised at a given moment, in the present state of irritability and uncertainty of things in France, no French statesman, were he ever so wise and benevolent, could answer for the consequences.

This should suffice to explain why Italy stands on the side of Germany, even if there were no bonds of common interest and mutual services hardly inferior to those rendered to Italy by France.

This is simply a statement of fact; we have abstained from any observation. If some comment be allowed, it is without doubt a painful prospect that eighty millions of Europeans, who, from the similarity of their physical and historical conditions, and from the community of their faith, ought to have common interests, and to constitute a great element of concord and of force, so as to simplify the international relations of Europe and prepare a more reasonable and peaceful future, are, on the contrary, not only unable to come to any mutual understanding, but are hardly able to govern themselves, so as to secure the peace of Europe and the world.

To attain this end individual nations and the statesmen who lead them are powerless by themselves; but, by a curious contradiction, it could be brought nearer, if not completely attained, by a single word. The same could not be said of any other political situation in Europe. This point of view has been forgotten by all (and they are not a few) who at the present time have turned their attention to the Catholic Church, and more especially to the Papacy. We do not pretend to pronounce judgments or to give advice; for in matters so complex it is rarely possible to possess all the elements of a sound and just judgment, and advice is certain to be disregarded; yet we cannot resist the pleasure of allowing ourselves to float down the stream of hypothesis.

Suppose for a moment the Papacy convinced of the change which has come over the modern world, not merely to blame and condemn it, but in such a way as to recognise this change as a reason for conforming her ecclesiastical policy to it. As an immediate consequence of that conviction the Church would abandon the narrow politics of Cabinets in order to work upon the masses, as the spirit of the times requires, and would renounce material in order to adopt moral means for the fulfilment of its divine mission.

On this hypothesis alone many of the political difficulties to which we have alluded above would disappear. The Papacy, while preserving its own rights, would no longer have an interest in re-establishing the Temporal Power, nor would it seek to associate itself in the different States with one policy rather than another, or favour this or that form of government, the pre-eminence of this or that nation. All these questions would lose interest for the supreme government of the Church, because its only object would be to obtain the triumph of the Church's principles and their application to all conditions and political alliances. Such was the Church from the second to the eighth century, and history justifies the assertion that this attitude was more fruitful in results than her present one.

Suppose, again, the Papacy convinced, if not of the merit, at least of the necessity of liberty, and consequently of the need of taking it into account. The inevitable result of such a recognition would be the adoption of a system of tolerance. It is impossible to obtain a

hearing with the partisans of any opinion or set of opinions on equal ground, save on condition of equality of treatment.

We recognise that it is extremely difficult for the essentially dogmatic and authoritative Roman Church to adopt this attitude. But in the ordinary relations of daily life there is no necessity to decide on absolute principles, to declare the relative proportions of eternal truth possessed by diverse sects and parties. What is necessary is to enter into relation with them as elements of social and political life.

On this second hypothesis all the divisions to which we have alluded above would immediately disappear. All the Christian elements, though remaining distinct, would tend, by the laws of assimilation and of self-preservation, to draw near to the Papacy, while the Papacy, although speculatively opposed to their principles and laws, would no longer repel them, being itself Christian, and therefore their natural ally. All the Conservative elements, too, would tend to gravitate towards their natural centre.

But such hypotheses would lead us too far if we dwelt upon them longer. What we wish to establish is that, without a profound modification of the internal affairs of the Latin nations, European alliances can hardly be based on natural affinities.

While we endeavour to regard the matter in this wider aspect, which we believe to be the true one, we do not deny the value of some of the criticisms of "Outidanos." Italy has, perhaps, taken too high a tone for a nation yet young and immature. Not that determination is unsuitable to youth, but in the complications of political intercourse even youth must be wise if it would win sympathy, and should be careful to avoid provoking distrust or defiance. Now it is an elementary maxim of political wisdom not to risk more than it is possible to win, and it is certain that Italy can have only an indirect interest in the deadly conflict which threatens to inflame Europe. Another maxim of more general application bids a man spend no more than he can pay; and Italian finances, private as well as public, require a long period of repose to recover the strength necessary for any ulterior enterprise.

And if to these practical considerations we may add that rivalry, or even distrust, between France and Italy is deeply to be regretted,

and harmful to both, as they have so many traditions in common, and have shared so many troubles and misfortunes when they fought side by side for Italian liberty, all may conclude that though the necessities of the case have drawn Italy into an alliance with one of the parties in the impending conflict, her natural position would be that of benevolent neutrality.

Let us hope that the existence of such an alliance may ensure peace, that Europe will not be distressed by the horrors of a deadly war of which the very possibility weighs on her like a nightmare, so that the friends of Italy may be able to boast that she has inaugurated her entrance among the Great Powers by contributing to attain this result. Nevertheless, as far as concerns a reply to "Outidanos," it must be recognised that Italy's presence in the Triple Alliance may be considered as an evil or a good, according to the point of view of the questioner, but that in any case it is neither her merit nor her fault but the logical outcome of the European situation.

F. NOBILI-VITELLESCHI.

THE TRUTH ABOUT "THE DEAD HEART" AND "A TALE OF TWO CITIES."

THE present superb revival of *The Dead Heart* at the Lyceum has attracted attention to a somewhat acrimonious discussion which took place at the period of its original production, upwards of thirty years ago, at the very time when Charles Dickens' work, *A Tale of Two Cities*, was in course of publication. The partisans of the great novelist alleged that the struggling dramatist had stolen the central idea of his play from Dickens' story, while Phillips's friends were not slow to retort that the boot was on the other leg. Nor was this the only charge made against the author of *The Dead Heart*. Doctor Strauss, a genial old Bohemian, who professed an intimate acquaintance with French dramatic literature, alleged very confidently that this drama was but a mere replica of a French original; but upon being brought to book he failed to substantiate the accusation. Disquieting rumours are again in the air as to this vexed question. It is difficult to draw the line between plagiarism and assimilation. The greatest geniuses have been the greatest plagiarists. Molière avowed, with cynical candour, that "he took his own where he found it"; while Shakespeare took everything he could lay his hands on.

Before examining the relations of the author of *The Dead Heart* with the author of *A Tale of Two Cities*, let us see first whether either of them is indebted to any preceding author.

Mr. Justin Huntley M'Carthy has recently stated in a contemporary that :—

"Much has been said about the resemblance between the sacrifice in *The Dead Heart* and the sacrifice in *A Tale of Two Cities*. I have not seen it pointed out anywhere that a very similar sacrifice is to be found in the end

of Dumas the elder's brilliant revolutionary play, *Le Chevalier de la Maison-Rouge*, which was first performed at the Théâtre Historique on August 3rd, 1847—that is, more than forty-two years ago, and some twelve years before *The Dead Heart* was produced or the *Tale of Two Cities* published."

It is difficult to realise that this coincidence should have escaped recognition in the very theatre where, six years *after* the production of Dumas' play, and exactly six years *before* the production of *The Dead Heart*, Boucicault's adaptation of the former work *(Geneviève; or, the Reign of Terror)* was made memorable by the genius of Celeste, Alfred Wigan, and Webster.

One thing is perfectly certain: it never could have escaped the eagle eye of Webster, inasmuch as he was himself the chivalrous Lorin who sacrifices his own life to save that of his friend. It is possible, and even probable, that it was owing to this remarkable coincidence that Webster postponed the production of *The Dead Heart* for so prolonged a period after he had bought and paid for it. After this interval of time, one can scarcely say whether Dickens or Phillips was indebted to Dumas, or to the illustrious Englishman to whom the equally illustrious Frenchman was himself undoubtedly indebted. Undoubtedly, Dumas' play was originally produced August 3rd, 1847; but Edward Bulwer Lytton's weird romance of *Zanoni* was published in January, 1842, that is to say, four years and eight months prior to the production of the play. Now, in the last chapter of the last book of Lord Lytton's great work, the *donnée* of which is *The Reign of Terror*, occurs the sacrifice of the heroic precursor of Robert Landry and Sidney Carton, but Zanoni's self-immolation takes a nobler form, inasmuch as he lays down the gift of perpetual youth and immortal life to save the woman he loves from the guillotine.

Passing, however, from the region of speculation to that of absolute fact, let us revert to the question of the resemblance which undoubtedly exists between Dickens' story and Phillips's drama, and inquire how that resemblance came into existence.

The author of *The Dead Heart* and the manager who produced the play and enacted the principal characters were very near and dear friends of the writer, who repeatedly discussed this and other cognate matters with them.

Upon asking Phillips if there was any foundation for the statement, made by Doctor Strauss, that *The Dead Heart* was taken from a French drama, the irate author replied:—

"It is utterly untrue: you know, of course, the meddling old busybody alleged that I had founded the play upon the *Story of Latude.*

"It is the old, old business—'There is a river in Macedon and there is also, moreover, a river at Monmouth.'

"Latude was a prisoner in the Bastille—so was the Man in the Iron Mask, and so was Robert Landry—that is the beginning and the end of the resemblance."

"And how about the *Tale of Two Cities*?"

"Well, *The Dead Heart* was written three years before the *Tale of Two Cities* was published. You can form your own inference. The facts are these ——— !"

Here the speaker became hot and angry. The writer does not feel himself at liberty to repeat "wild and whirling words," profitless to memory, and better far forgotten—but he proposes to show, beyond the possibility of doubt, that his dead friend's statement as to the priority of *The Dead Heart* is true in every essential particular.

In his *Life of Dickens* (Vol. III., p. 320), Mr. John Forster states that "The first notion of *A Tale of Two Cities* occurred to Dickens while acting with his friends and his children, in the summer of 1857, in *The Frozen Deep*—but it was only a vague fancy," &c. Now, there is documentary evidence to prove that, at the very period when Dickens' story was *in nubibus*, Phillips's play was an accomplished fact.

We may assume (though it is difficult to be sure of it in this delectable climate of ours) that "the summer of 1857" commenced in June of that year. Now, a month previous, Phillips's play of *Joseph Chavigny* was produced at the old Adelphi, then under the management of Webster and Celeste (see Professor Morley's *Journal of a London Playgoer*) with doubtful success.

A fortnight later (June 4th, 1857), at the very period when, according to Forster, Dickens was "vaguely fancying" the inception of *A Tale of Two Cities*, the indefatigable young dramatist (nothing

daunted by the failure of his first play) was already actively at work remodelling a new drama called *The Poor Stroller.*

Subsequently he positively assured the writer that *The Dead Heart* was accepted by Webster, bought and paid for, fully twelve months prior to the advent of *Joseph Chavigny!* The delay in the production of the former work was (as before suggested) most probably devised by the astute manager for the purpose of affording the public time to forget the sacrifice of the noble-hearted Lorin, before the appearance of the heroic Robert Landry in a similar situation.

The following letter to Webster tends to corroborate Phillips's assertion as to the period when *The Dead Heart* was accepted.

June 4/57.

MY DEAR SIR,—I know you must be very busy *but* think you might spare me a line of reply to my letters.

I have rewritten the 1st act of the *Poor Stroller*, crammed it with movement and reduced it by just *one third.* It is now of great importance that you should give me a business interview to *discuss* the plan for the 2nd and 3rd acts.

I wish to create a thoroughly original character for Wright. It is therefore REALLY REQUISITE that I should see you at once, and you must pardon me for saying that had you from the first vouchsafed *me* the benefit of the same counsel and assistance that I KNOW to have been of such *vital* service to Messrs. Boucicault and Taylor, the position that *Joseph Chavigny* occupies as an *acting* piece would have been different (its position as a *literary work* is most satisfactorily acknowledged both by actors and authors).

Many a piece that would have sunk upon the stage a corpse on the first night, you have breathed the "breath of life" into its nostrils and kept (with a knowledge that can only be obtained by experience) alive and moving before an audience.

I wish to throw my entire strength into the present drama and RELYING upon your *promise* for September, shall not attempt production elsewhere.

In haste,
Sincerely yours,
WATTS PHILLIPS.

B. WEBSTER, ESQ.

N.B.—Would you wish to dispose of *The Dead Heart* at the price you gave me for it if I find a purchaser? Send me a line by return.

Now observe! The impatient author, chafing at the continued delay in the production of *The Dead Heart*, actually has the audacity to propose to the all-powerful manager to buy the play back. Moreover, note that he makes this proposal on June 4th, 1857, while, according to his biographer, Dickens is as yet dreaming about *A Tale of Two Cities*.

It would appear, from this touching but manly appeal to the autocrat of the Adelphi, that Phillips was under the impression that he had been slighted, and that his play had suffered from neglect. Apparently managerial exigencies deterred Webster from fulfilling his "promise for September, 1857," inasmuch as *The Poor Stroller* was not produced until January 18th, 1858. This play appears to have been a mere *succès d'estime*, which was evidently prejudicial to the immediate production of *The Dead Heart*, inasmuch as that unfortunate play was postponed *sine die*. Month followed month, year followed year, until two more years had passed away, years of hope deferred, of disappointment, of torture and misery.

That nothing might be wanting to complete the unhappy playwright's misfortune, on April 30th, 1859, the first instalment of *A Tale of Two Cities* appeared in *All the Year Round*. His mortification and consternation may be imagined better than described. From the depths of his anguish he writes thus :—

RAMSEY,
June 2/59.

MY DEAR WEBSTER,—Of course THEY WILL MAKE A PLAY of Dickens' new tale, *The Two Cities*, and (if you have read it) you will see how the character of the man "dug out" of the Bastille will CLASH with the man in *The Dead Heart* written more than THREE years ago. Knowing your peculiar powers I wrote Robert Landry EXCLUSIVELY with a notion how you would ACT that character, and foreseeing the reputation that would arise to me. And now, owing to a *delay of years*, Dickens puts into *words* what I had hoped long ago to see you put into ACTION. The tone of this resurrection from the Bastille ought to have been *fresh* on my play, not on his story.

It's very heart-breaking.

Yours sincerely,
WATTS PHILLIPS.

Heart-breaking indeed!

After three dreary years of waiting the struggling dramatist finds that, by an unfortunate coincidence, the ground is cut from beneath his feet, and both he and his work are over-shadowed by a giant. But 'twill never do to despair now; he insists on the immediate production of the play, and will not be denied. At length, two months subsequent to the date of the last letter, that is to say, on August 2nd, 1859, our poor author approaches what is to prove the goal or grave of his ambition. His hopes and fears are expressed in the following letter:—

August 2nd, 1859.

(In haste.)

My DEAR WEBSTER,—I feel your prompt kindness very much, nor will my future recognition of it be the less because I now confine myself to the sincere "I thank you." I DO thank you, and that most warmly.

I am very pleased at the opinion you express that David Fisher will make a hit in Latour. But what will you do about Catherine? The part is not only a *most* important one in itself, but, if not well acted, fails to give the *requisite* relief to Landry. I increased *her* power towards the end, as it must be great and *intense* to shake the firm resolution of Robert. An inferior actress would fail to convey this.

I shall be all anxiety till I hear how you have got over this difficulty.

"A manager's life is not a bed of roses," says Colley Cibber. It seems to *me* more akin to the gridiron of St. Lawrence.

If you want trouble and have too much pelf,
First take a theatre, then manage it yourself.

I think Miss Kelly will do Cerisette capitally. I wish some little song could be slipped in somewhere for her, it would give relief. She's got what the French call "tears in her voice," and a little song *always* puts the audience in good humour. I remember the plaintive effect of the song in *Green Bushes*, it went through and through my heart and refined the whole drama.

Couldn't one be introduced?

I wish Bedford and Stuart were more of a *size*. Do you think Paul would object, *just to oblige me*, putting himself upon bread and water for a week, or, which is more likely, would Stuart go into training—beefsteaks and porter three times a day, with a dose of Cod Liver Oil every three hours?

Jesting apart, I think Stuart will do Legrand *very well*.

I hope Toole takes to Toupet. I have only seen him once as the Jack Pudding in *Belphegor*, and thought it excellently done. . . .

Has Wright left the stage altogether?

I think the spectacular effects of the drama will tell well in the new theatre, which I seem fated never to visit.

. . . I am rapidly polishing up *The Curse of Gold*. As a domestic drama I think you will highly approve of it. It is LAUGHTER, *passion*, and *tears* all of the *homely* sort. The characters are few and this is how I hope to see them filled :—

Jan Smet (*a sweep*)	B. WEBSTER.
Peterkin (*his son*)	TOOLE.
Simon (*a shoemaker*)	SELBY.
Townspeople, &c.	
Dame Smet	MRS. MELLON.
Katie (*with song*)	MISS KELLY.
Lacemakers, &c., &c.	

The plot is borrowed from a beautiful and simple Flemish story, the stuff is my own, the character of Jan Smet is *made* for you and I'm sure Mrs. Mellon hasn't *had* a better part than Dame Smet. However, directly it's done you shall have it for "judgment."*

Anxiously waiting to hear more about the Green Room difficulties,

I am,

My dear Webster,

Very sincerely yours,

B. WEBSTER, Esq. WATTS PHILLIPS.

Land at last! Nearly four months later, that is to say, actually three years and four months after its acceptance, *The Dead Heart* comes to Life.

On November 12th, 1859, the long-deferred play is produced. It is a triumph both for actor and author, and the latter finds himself famous at once. He is an established fact, and from that time forth his work is in demand, with such limited remuneration as the conditions of the time warrant. But there are breakers ahead.

On November 28th (sixteen days later), Madame Celeste opens the Lyceum. The reader will, doubtless, recollect that this lady was joint proprietor of the Adelphi with Webster when *The Dead Heart* was accepted, hence she was perfectly familiar with the subject; therefore, when the unfortunate rupture occurred which led to the dissolution of partnership between these distinguished

* "Judgment" appears to have been adverse, for this play was never acted.

artistes, and Celeste migrated to the Lyceum, there can be no doubt that, smarting with the sense of wrong, real or imaginary, or both, she thought to take the wind out of Webster's sails by producing Tom Taylor's ingenious adaptation of Dickens' great work. She lost no time about it, and *A Tale of Two Cities* was produced January 18th, 1860.

It was an admirable production in all respects, both as to acting and mounting. Certain impersonations in this drama have not been excelled, perhaps not equalled, in our time—notably Madame Celeste's boy in the prologue and her Madame Defarge in the play; the pathetic Lucy Manette of Miss Kate Saville; the Doctor Manette of James Vining; the sympathetic Sydney Carton of poor Fred Villiers, and the wonderful wicked Marquis of Walter Lacy. The two plays "caught on", and, their resemblance to each other having attracted universal attention, society divided itself into two factions—the Celestites and Dickensites, the Websterites and Phillipsites. Then came accusations and recriminations as to coincidences and plagiarisms, and bad blood arose on both sides. Amidst this hurly-burly both factions appear to have been oblivious that Dumas, Phillips, and Dickens were all alike indebted to Lytton for the crowning incident of the *dénouement.* As for Lytton, it is not upon record that he accused any of the trio of plagiarising from him.

As to the Bastille, no one has the prescriptive monopoly of great historical incidents. Treatment is everything, and both authors differed essentially in that respect. The facts substantiated in the preceding letters, however, remain unaltered; and it is incontestable that *The Dead Heart* was accepted by Webster, was bought and paid for, fully three years and four months before the first instalment of *A Tale of Two Cities* was published!

This being the case, and it being conclusively established that both novelist and dramatist were indebted to their precursor for the striking incident which constitutes the *dénouement* of both play and story, it appears inconceivable that a controversy so puerile could have arisen.

The great novelist realised thousands and thousands of pounds by his story, to say nothing of what his play produced; while the poor dramatist—but he shall speak for himself.

The writer had made him a proposal for a play. Here is the answer—undated—but apparently written upwards of twenty years ago.

EAGLE LODGE,
EDENBRIDGE, KENT.
Tuesday Morning.

MY DEAR COLEMAN,—I have carefully read your letter. In reply: For me to write such a play as you desire on the subject of C——I should have to throw up a portion of my regular pot-boiling work.

With my expenses, I could not afford to do this except upon a certainty.

I propose, therefore, £100 down on the signature of agreement, £100 on the delivery of completed MS. into your hands, and a further sum of £100 at the rate of £2 each representation until the entire amount be completed.

Half the battle is over when the "scenarium" (*sic*) is prepared, and to write such a play as you desire, and I contemplate, I shall have to make a careful study of the epoch, as I did when I wrote *The Dead Heart*, for which, by the way, Webster paid me the terms here proposed.

While writing your play, the pen that is the family bread winner would not, could not be producing the immediate cash which is a stern necessity. . . . . Webster, Labouchere, Vining, Emden, and even Shepherd, have always consented to these terms—with this important difference, that the third hundred was paid the morning after the first representation.

I wish, dear boy, that I had the assured ease of such happy authors as Lord Lytton—and you would not find me stand upon the threshold of a big work—haggling, as I am compelled to do, about three d——nable letters (£ s. d.), but when I wish to preserve a friendship (as I do yours) there is nothing like a clear understanding in all commercial matters.

I am the only man who has remained on terms of close friendship with W—— for long years, and yet retained business relations with him. For this fact I have to thank clear agreements in black and white. . . . You've only to drop me a telegram, and say when you are coming (you know you are always welcome). I am chained here to my desk for the next fortnight on press work.

Always yours,
WATTS PHILLIPS.

Three hundred pounds for a play like *The Dead Heart!* This affords food for reflection. At the beginning of the present century dramatists were fairly remunerated. Morton and Reynolds got a thousand or twelve hundred pounds for a comedy, and Mrs. Inchbald received twelve hundred pounds for adapting a play from the

German (of which language she did not know a word!), while George Colman was paid two thousand pounds for *John Bull.* Then came a reaction, until, at length, three hundred pounds was considered a liberal remuneration for a big drama. Thirty years ago the novelist was supreme, while the unfortunate dramatist was the mere bondslave of the actor's whim or the manager's caprice. Now it is the turn of the dramatist, who, if he happens to "strike oil" with a single successful play, clears more in a week than the majority of novelists can earn in a year.

Were the author of *The Dead Heart* now in the land of the living, and had he written that play for the Lyceum, the chances amount to a certainty that he would have received for his share of the first six performances the whole amount for which he sold his entire rights thirty years ago; but, alas, poor fellow! he was before his time. He was born too early and died too soon.

JOHN COLEMAN.

THE NEW METHOD IN ELECTIONEERING.

IF a Whig or a Tory of the age of Pitt and Fox, or even of that of Peel and Russell, were to revisit the earth, he could hardly fail to be struck by the varied and novel forces—social, material, and moral—which in these latter days have been brought to bear upon the working of the political machine. Not that British statesmen, any more than those of other countries, have ever disdained or neglected the arts by which political parties are drawn and held together; but the area within which such agencies could be brought into play was comparatively narrow and circumscribed, before Leagues had taken the place of Coteries, and Caucuses of Cliques. The feminine blandishments, which, in the heat of a closely contested election, snatched victory from the lips of an impressionable coal-heaver, were, as a rule, reserved for more aristocratic subjects, and even the "rare attractions and princely hospitality" of Holland House, which Macaulay loved to celebrate, were the delight of a chosen few. Indeed, it may be safely said, that for every single individual who had to be cajoled or influenced a century ago, at least a hundred in these days demand or invite the attentions of the Parliamentary candidate and his electioneering agent. When masses of men have to be manipulated on such a scale, it is obvious that a resort to the old methods of canvassing and persuasion would be as much an anachronism as an attempt to clothe London by means of the handloom of the Spitalfields weaver.

The process by which this revolution—for such it is—has been effected was, like the beginning of nearly all organic changes in England, gradual, and at first scarcely perceptible. For the first decade or so after the passing of the great Reform Bill its visible effect was almost infinitesimally small. We cannot read the

speeches of the leading Radicals of that day without seeing that the feeling with which they looked back upon the greatest Constitutional experiment ever tried in England was one of deep disappointment. For nearly a generation it seemed as if the sole result of the new departure had been to shift the centre of political power from one great aristocratic clique to another, and as if the art of governing England, like the secret of making *eau de Cologne*, was destined to remain the monopoly of a few families. Not until the passing of the Ballot Act, and until the Acts of 1867 and 1884 had swollen the electorate by the addition of several million new voters, did party managers and party leaders wake up to the fact that they were face to face with a state of things necessitating a change in the tactics by which elections were to be fought and won, as complete, in its way, as that which separates the battlefields of Sadowa and Gravelotte from those of Crecy and Agincourt.

The first business of a manufacturer who finds that his wares are losing ground in the market is to adapt his machinery to the altered requirements of the times; and it is to the credit of our countrymen, and still more of our countrywomen, that they have lost no time in accommodating themselves to the changed conditions of English political life. The Continent of Europe abounds in striking examples of the folly of neglecting this obvious lesson. The Bourbon dynasty in France sank because they refused to read the signs of the times, and it is conceivable that the fall of the Temporal Power might have been broken, if not arrested, by timely concessions to the spirit of the age. Yet the *haute noblesse* of Paris still sulks behind the ramparts of the Faubourg St. Germain, and the Vatican still opposes to Signor Crispi an attitude not unlike that with which Innocent III. confronted King John. In striking contrast to this strange and disastrous isolation, the leaders of English society have, with more or less good grace, accepted the situation and made the best of it. The gods and goddesses of our Olympus have come down from their starry heights and have condescended to mingle in the busy haunts of men.

Mr. Bryce, in his admirable work on the American Commonwealth, observes that "a body of unorganised opinion is powerless

in the face of a compact party." The proposition is, perhaps, a little too broadly stated, for periods have occurred in the history of most nations when the most carefully constructed appliances for controlling and directing the course of public opinion have been rudely swept away by a sudden and overwhelming wave of popular sentiment. But it is certain that in ordinary times, and in the absence of any great political excitement, an unorganised party is as helpless in an election contest as an undisciplined mob on a field of battle. A striking instance of this disintegration occurred in the General Election of 1874, when upwards of fifty safe Radical seats were deliberately sacrificed to the vanity or selfishness of two or more competitors, each fighting for his own hand. The recurrence of such a calamity to the Liberal party was only averted by tightening the bonds of party discipline, so long and so disastrously relaxed, and by entrusting to the much-abused, but highly effective, local Caucus the duty of deciding between the claims of rival candidates. Thanks in a great measure to this new organisation, for which the Liberals were mainly indebted to Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Gladstone, on returning to power, found himself at the head of one of the most compact and powerful majorities which ever followed a Minister through the lobbies of the House of Commons.

It is long since the fortunes of any great English political party have sunk to so low an ebb as that to which the Conservatives fell in the summer of 1880, and Lord Beaconsfield's famous saying, that his defeat at the polling-booths was "the most complete collapse since the break-up of Overend and Gurney," was scarcely exaggerated. But there are temperaments upon which the "uses of adversity" exercise a bracing rather than a depressing influence, and the turn of the wheel came sooner than was anticipated, and from a quarter where it was least expected.

The character and career of Lord R. Churchill are among the most curious and interesting phenomena of contemporary political life. When he first entered the House of Commons, in 1874, he brought with him none of those credentials by which the *début* of youthful aspirants to Parliamentary honours is often heralded—except, of course, the halo which in this country gathers round the heir of a great historic name and the scion of a ducal house. His

first oratorical essays were certainly not a success, and for some five or six years it seemed as if he were about to settle down into that position of respectable mediocrity with which so many cadets of noble families, after a more or less prolonged struggle for fame, are fain to content themselves. But those who watched the Member for Woodstock in his corner seat below the Gangway, during the early part of Mr. Gladstone's second Administration, knew that he meant business. A ready wit, an imperturbable audacity, a *flair* for the weak points of its opponent's case as keen as that of a trained blood-hound for its victim, combined to make him a very formidable antagonist, while an uncontrollable disposition to break bounds, and the difficulty of predicting where he would be or what he would do in the course of twenty-four hours, rendered him almost as dangerous to friend as to foe. In these days, when the memory of the public is proverbially short, other statesmen have survived mistakes which, in a more critical age, would have wrecked their whole career. But Lord R. Churchill has positively thriven upon escapades which would have killed a dozen less robust reputations. A man who thus falls upon his feet, where others would flounder hopelessly in the mire, must be the possessor of some valuable qualities, not the least of which is a quick eye to the exigencies of the situation, marred occasionally by interludes of a sort of mental colour-blindness inexplicable in so acute an observer. When we find a statesman of Lord R. Churchill's sagacity going all the way to Montgomeryshire to sneer at the "parish of Wales," and to inform a Welsh audience that their darling nationality is only another name for a "sulky, petulant, exclusive, selfish isolation"—to say nothing of his recent discovery that the Church of England is the National Church of Wales—we are tempted to believe that Nature sometimes plays the same pranks with the human brain as she does with the geological strata of the earth, and that the richest vein of intelligence may be intersected by an unexpected "fault." Be this as it may, it would be idle to underrate the services which the apostle of the new Toryism has rendered to his party. Lord Beaconsfield once said that the world was governed by phrases, and the famous "Tory Democracy," though—like many other cant terms which have served their purpose—it has now de-

generated into a nickname, certainly struck a chord which had never before been touched and which woke an echo far outside the narrow walls of the old Conservatism. So, too, the formation of the Primrose League, which rumour ascribes to the same inventive genius, has probably done more to repair the fallen fortunes of the party than all the speeches of all the Tory leaders put together.

It certainly cannot be said of that now famous organisation that it appeals to the highest motives which influence men in the conduct of public affairs. On the other hand, to denounce every Primrose Habitation as a centre of corruption and intimidation, with no argument but bribery and no weapon but boycotting, is probably as far from the truth as to credit its Knights and Dames with the austere virtues of a Timoleon or a Washington. No doubt, when times are bad and employment scarce, the *argumentum ad ventrem* counts for a good deal, and it is easy to understand Mr. Schnadhorst's anxiety that the next general election should not be fought at a time when the near approach of Christmas suggests thoughts of warm blankets and steaming joints. But the success of an association which claims to have swept into its net nearly a million members is not to be wholly explained by its appeals to the pocket or the palate. The truth is that the Primrose League holds out a bait to that social ambition—some would call it by a worse name—which exercises so potent a spell over many Englishmen and most Englishwomen, and which is now, for the first time, perhaps, being systematically utilised for political purposes. Such aspirations are by no means confined to any particular class, and the Belgravian matron who submits to be packed in a fashionable London drawing-room, on the hottest evening in July, as closely as herrings in a barrel, in the hope of finding her name in the *Morning Post* or the *Observer*, is not entitled to sneer at the grocer's wife or the butcher's daughter, to whose imagination the possession of a Primrose badge opens out a vista of social promotion. No doubt, in course of time, the hollowness of this kind of patronage will produce the inevitable reaction; and already there are signs that the League is getting played out, and that Hodge is growing tired of acrobats and Punch and Judy shows, relieved by a homily from the rector, or a denunciation of Mr. Gladstone as the incarna-

tion of the Evil One from the squire. But most Liberal candidates for county constituencies will admit that, in the Election of 1886, the Primrose League did at least as much for the Conservatives as the Radical Caucus for their opponents in 1880. Indeed, it is probable that, if womanhood suffrage is ever carried in England, the success of the movement will be due not so much to its inherent strength, or to the arguments of its advocates, as to a belief, which is gaining ground in Conservative headquarters, that auxiliaries who have indirectly done such good service to the cause might be turned to still better account if admitted to the full rights of citizenship. Whether the finer weapons wielded by the newly-formed Women's Liberal Associations will ultimately prove a match for those of our Unionist Amazons is a delicate question upon which it would be premature to enter.

But, if the Primrose League can claim the merit of having proved a highly effective instrument of electoral warfare, the medal has its reverse side. Hitherto no one will contend that the introduction of the feminine element into electoral contests has done much to sweeten or purify the political atmosphere. If, indeed, the formidable levies of the Primrose Dames, like our auxiliary forces, were only called out or embodied at times of "great emergency" or "imminent national danger"—say on the approach of a general election—nobody would have much right to complain. But, like the poor, we have them always with us, and it is scarcely too much to say that they have infused into those contests an element of personal bitterness almost unknown before. To reduce social boycotting to a science, to build up a Wall of China between Church and Chapel, to pray against "all uncharitableness" on one day of the week and to practise it on the other six, may be the way to win elections, though even this is exceedingly doubtful, but it is certainly not the way to diffuse an atmosphere of sweetness and light over the somewhat leaden sky of English country life. In Wales, where the strife between the two great political parties has been complicated and accentuated by the introduction of a burning Ecclesiastical question, the Primrose League has brought about a kind of social cleavage, the depth and width of which it would be difficult at present to gauge.

The increase in the electorate and, still more, the awakened interest of the masses in public affairs have added enormously to the labours of the candidate and his supporters, who, both in and out of election times, are expected to address a dozen meetings where a generation ago one would have been deemed sufficient. Thus the constituency of North Bucks is said to have recently enjoyed the privilege of being harangued by nearly sixty members of Parliament, while the meetings held and the speeches delivered were reckoned by the hundred. But it is to the local press and the cheap political pamphlet that the leaders on both sides mainly look as the readiest engines for creating and directing public opinion. Here, too, something like a revolution has taken place. Thirty or forty years ago no daily newspaper could be bought in London under the price of this REVIEW. Now the bulk of persons who compose the reading public think twice before investing a half-penny in a newspaper. It would be interesting to know what effect this shifting of the centre of public opinion has had on the circulation and influence of the organs which claim to represent the "educated judgment" of England. What weight, for instance, does an article in the *Edinburgh* or the *Quarterly* now carry with it, as compared with that which it would have possessed in the days of Macaulay and Croker? It may be that the bread thus cast upon the waters may, in some form or other, be found after many days; but it is certain that in most parts of the country to hunt for a copy of those highly respectable publications would be almost as hopeless an undertaking as a search for the lost books of Livy. The result is that the political literature of the classes and the masses runs in parallel lines which never meet, and the thunderbolts which are daily hurled from Printing House Square explode over the heads of offenders as happily unconscious of their discharge as if they had been launched from another planet.

Upon the whole it is pleasant to acknowledge the improved tone and temper with which the newspaper organs of the present day conduct their political controversies. Of course, when party feeling runs high—as it usually does when an election is in sight—it is not to be expected that the backers of the rival candidates should express themselves with studied moderation ; and, as long as

both sides keep fairly within the rules of the game, no great harm is done. Indeed, when we see the highly spiced morsels with which certain of the society journals regale their readers, it may be a question whether the so-called lower orders do not gain rather than lose by a comparison of their tastes with those of their social superiors. Be this as it may, it is certainly surprising that leading journals which are supposed to have the pick of literary talent, and which in the treatment of other subjects leave little to be desired, should not by this time have discovered that mere vituperation, viewed as a method of political propagandism, does not pay. Unrelieved abuse is apt to pall even upon the most heated partisan, and it certainly is not calculated to win over that loose and fluctuating body of voters upon whose accession to one side or the other the issues of a general election usually depend. Mr. Chamberlain is often said to have been made by his enemies, and there can be little doubt that Mr. Gladstone owes something of his extraordinary popularity to the "damnable iteration" with which his detractors in the London press, in season and out of season, assail the character and blacken the motives of a man of whom most Englishmen are, in their hearts, proud. Nor will the more generous even of his political opponents be in a hurry to forget the scarcely disguised avowal, by more than one Unionist leader, of an intention to run the present Parliament against the veteran statesman's life.

It is unfortunate for the present Government and their allies that in these days, when hero-worship is certainly not on the decline, they have no very striking personality with which to counteract the peculiar fascination which Mr. Gladstone exercises over the British, and Mr. Parnell over the Irish democracy. Neither Lord Salisbury nor Mr. W. H. Smith is exactly the man to fire the imagination of the masses. Even Lord R. Churchill is more capable of rousing than of retaining the enthusiasm of his admirers; and Mr. Balfour—able as he undoubtedly is—is, metaphorically speaking, far too "thin" for a heroic personality. Of the Liberal Unionist leaders it is unnecessary to speak. Nobody would dream of erecting Lord Hartington, despite all his sterling qualities, into a popular idol; and Mr. Chamberlain has deliberately thrown away the inheritance for which nature and circumstance seemed

at one time to destine him. The want of some such central and commanding figure—as serviceable in an election contest as the "White Plume of Navarre" on the battlefield of Ivry—is not unlikely to tell against the Unionist party in the next great struggle for political power.

To forecast the results of an appeal to the people, which may be delayed for two or three years, is necessarily difficult, especially in view of the various cross currents which may upset the most careful considerations based upon the relative strength of the two great parties in the State. As usually happens when enthusiasm is pitted against organisation, much will depend on the temper in which the constituencies find themselves on the great question of the hour. If, as the recent elections seem unmistakably to indicate, the tide of popular sentiment should at the moment of the next Dissolution happen to run strongly in the direction of Home Rule, it is pretty certain that the boasted machinery of the Primrose League would be as powerless against its pressure as the walls of the South Fork reservoir against the Johnstown inundation. No political organisation, for instance, however complete or elaborate, could have prevented the passing of Catholic Emancipation, or the first Reform Bill, or the Abolition of the Corn Laws. But in periods of comparative apathy, and especially at bye-elections, such forces have to be reckoned with; and, in this view of the case, the fact that the Liberal gains since the last General Election outnumber those of their opponents by twelve to one acquires a crushing significance. For this very reason, however, it is probable that a Prime Minister placed by exceptional circumstances in a position of undoubted strength will be in no hurry to feel the pulse of the people. The instinct of self-preservation is, after all, one of the strongest in human nature; and, though in a certain sense it may be true that "the only thing certain in politics is the unexpected," it is pretty safe to predict that nothing short of inexorable necessity will drive the present Government to accelerate by a single day the advent of a Dissolution from which they have much to fear and but little to hope.

GEO. OSBORNE MORGAN.

THE BYE-ELECTIONS.

IT is not wise for either man or party to live under illusions I have been through most of the bye-elections. It has fallen to my lot to plead the cause of the Union, and to place the case of the Irish minority, before almost every constituency that has been fought since 1886. I am not satisfied with the result; on the contrary, I greatly lament it. But it does seem to me that the Gladstonians are shouting before they are quite out of the wood, and that the *Pall Mall Gazette*, with its favourite formula, and the *Star*, with its wild war-whoop, are slightly overdoing it. Let us take three Parliaments as a test—those of 1874-1880, 1880-1885, and the one now running its course. In 1874 the Conservatives came into power with a great majority. The Liberals were everywhere paralysed, and the Parliament was not dissolved until 1880. During these years the relations of parties were altered in twenty-five cases. The changes occurred in the following places :—

	Cons. Gain.		Lib. Gain.
Aberdeenshire	1	Breconshire	1
Boston	1	Carmarthen	1
Cork City	1	Cumberland	1
Down County	1	Frome	1
Durham	1	Grimsby	1
New Ross	1	Horsham	1
Northampton	1	Leitrim	1
Oxford	1	Leominster	1
Southwark	1	Malden	1
Tipperary	1	Manchester	1
Wilton	1	Newcastle-under-Lyme	1
Worcester	1	Oldham	1
		Tamworth	1
Total	12	Total	13

Net Liberal Gain 1

Here, and over a space of six years, the bye-elections went almost even. The famous Southwark election, which resulted in the triumphant return of Sir Edward Clarke over a Liberal opponent, was said to have decided Mr. Disraeli in favour of precipitating the General Election. Sir Edward Clarke was not only defeated in 1880, but the Conservative party was routed from Dan to Beersheba, and Mr. Gladstone triumphantly installed as Prime Minister. No one reasoning on the facts of the 1874 Parliament can honestly say that the bye-elections gave any indication of what took place in 1880.

Let us now examine the results of the bye-elections from 1880 to 1885. As I have said, Mr. Gladstone then came into power with a great majority. During that period the balance of parties was changed thus :—

	Cons. Gain.		Lib. Gain.
Berwick	1	Antrim	1
Brighton	1	Cumberland	1
Buteshire	1	Hastings	1
Cambridgeshire	1	Ipswich	1
Coventry	1	Liverpool	1
Durham County	1		
Evesham	1		
Gloucestershire	1		
Knaresboro'	1		
Lincolnshire	1		
Liverpool	1		
Oxford	1		
St. Ives	1		
Salisbury	1		
Sandwich	1		
Southampton	1		
Stafford	1		
Wakefield	1		
Wigton District	1		
York	1		
Total	20	Total	5

Net Conservative Gain 15

There are one or two things worth noting here. First, in the space of three years, *i.e.*, from 1880 to 1883, Mr. Gladstone lost

sixteen seats. During these years he gained four—leaving a net loss of twelve seats in three years. All this time I never remember to have heard Mr. Gladstone express an opinion upon the unwisdom of the Septennial Act. I never heard of triennial Parliaments being part of the Liberal programme. The Liberals were quite content to go on until they were beaten in the House of Commons, as they allowed themselves to be on the Budget in 1885. On the basis of these figures Mr. Gladstone ought to have been all but annihilated in 1885. I am aware the Election of that year took place on an extended county franchise. As I said, I have no desire to live under illusions, and I at once admit this solid fact. But many of the Conservative gains at the bye-elections had been in boroughs such as Brighton, Coventry, Liverpool, Oxford, Salisbury, Southampton, Stafford, York, and Wakefield, where no change in the franchise had been made. I say, therefore, that Mr. Gladstone, on the basis of the bye-elections, ought to have been swept by the board. On the contrary, he returned with a force of 333 Liberals against 251 Conservatives and 86 Parnellites. In other words, he was within *four* of being equal to the combined forces of his then opponents.

Now, I submit that these two Parliaments do not warrant any such conclusion as are now being rushed at by the Gladstonians. But let us examine the present Parliament and see how the cargo has shifted. The record stands thus :—

	Unionist Gain.		Gladstonian Gain.
Doncaster	1	Ayr	1
		Burnley	1
		Coventry	1
		Edinburgh (W)	1
		Govan	1
		Kennington	1
		North Bucks	1
		Northwich	1
		Peterborough	1
		Rochester	1
		Spalding	1
		Southampton	1
Total	1	Total	12

This gives a net loss of eleven seats in three years as against a net loss of twelve in the same period by Mr. Gladstone in the 1880 Parliament. Added to these figures, however, three additional seats have to be surrendered by the Unionists. Mr. Winterbotham, Mr. Hingley, and Sir Thomas Grove—all three elected as Unionists—have changed sides. But—unlike Mr. Buchanan, who, when his views changed, went to his constituents for re-election—these three gentlemen have not given their respective constituencies any opportunity of pronouncing upon their conduct. It does not follow, therefore, that the issue is decided in these three cases.

This, then, is how matters stand. I submit that, on a calm review of all the facts, the pæans that are being sounded are a little premature and a little absurd. The Unionists, it is true, have only won one seat since 1886. And they have lost twelve. No doubt. But the explanation is simple to the last degree. To capture any Gladstonian seat now which was won in 1886 would be little short of a miracle. The Gladstonians then were in the trough of the sea. Their great leader had executed a retreat on the Irish question, which stripped the party of much of what was best in it, and which staggered it as a whole. Men—even the strongest—were simply dazed and did not know what to do. Many ended in doing nothing, and where, under such depressing conditions, a seat was won by the Gladstonians, to keep it now ought to be mere child's play. This will be admitted on all hands. But then there are the seats that have been lost. What of these? I know that losses at an election are always explainable. There is always something which, being different, would have altered the result. I take refuge in no such theories. I admit that these losses are dispiriting and depressing. But in four cases—Ayr, Coventry, Edinburgh, and Rochester—the combined majority for the Gladstonians, after herculean exertions, was under 200; and who, on the basis of these four bye-elections, would venture to predict what any one of these constituencies would do at the General Election? He would be a bold man who would bet on Mr. Ballantine's sixteen at Coventry, on Mr. Buchanan's forty-six at Edinburgh, on Mr. Sinclair's sixty-five at Ayr or on Mr. Hugessen's eighty at Rochester. My contention is

that anyone who accurately diagnosed the situation in 1886 ought to have been prepared for much that has happened since. The Gladstonian party fought then at its very worst. What they then gained they ought now to keep with comparative ease.

The real question is as to the Reserves. The polls were admittedly small in many cases in 1886. Two Elections followed rapidly upon each other and very many Liberals were so nonplussed as to be unable to vote. That very many of these have reverted to their party allegiance permits of no doubt. This is one explanation. But there is another. A large class, which, for want of a better name, I must call Socialists, took little or no part in the Elections of 1885 and 1886. They stood aside and cried, "a plague on both your houses." They believed in neither. These men have "caught on" with the advanced Liberals, and their influence is now cast for the Gladstonian candidates. In Scotland, too, there is the question of Disestablishment which, with the great bulk of Free Churchmen and United Presbyterians, is the supreme issue—an issue which, strangely enough, the members of the Established Church take no serious steps to face. And, finally, there is that comical idea of "having a change" which really governs a not inconsiderable number of people, and which helps to send bye-elections generally against any Government.

But although I admit all the forces working against the Unionist party; although I feel the strength of the current we have to swim against—I am not within miles of despair. It may be frankly admitted that many of the Liberal abstainers in 1886 have ceased to fear Home Rule and have gone back—intending, no doubt, to water it down should they get the chance. But they have not all returned. In all Ulster, Mr. Gladstone, apart from Mr. Parnell, could not get a single seat where he once had a dozen. In Birmingham he is equally powerless. Even in Elgin and Nairn the recent contest proved conclusively that 500 Liberals in that constituency had parted company with their former chief. It is the same everywhere. They may not numerically be able to fight for their own hand, but they can and do help others to, fight. And, as the Gladstonian leaders have more than once admitted, these are the very men who steadied the party, who

kept it from revolutionary courses. We shall see, by-and-bye, how the bills which Mr. Seymour Keay and others have been drawing on the future are to be met. It is all very well to promise land to the landless, and to make a present of the fish in the sea and the fowl in the air. These things are excellent for an election address—say at Lossiemouth. But when the bills once become due, who is going to pay? It is here the Gladstonians will find the pinch. Elections cannot be won on mere promises. There must be some performance, and the day the Gladstonian party sets itself to Socialistic work the end will speedily come. These questions will be thundering at our gates long before the Home Rule issue has been solved—and I, for one, have no fear of the result.

T. W. Russell.

LOYALTY, OLD AND NEW.

RELIGION, observes Bishop Butler, in his great sermon on "Human Ignorance"—which ought to be preached annually before the British Association, the Church Congress, both Houses of Parliament, and wherever else Human Ignorance most delights to assemble—consists in submission and resignation to the Divine Will. Years ago loyalty might have been as easily and accurately defined, only substituting the Royal for the Divine Will. Piety and loyalty in those days went hand in hand. The Apostolic precepts, "Fear God and Honour the King," were tied into a knot it has taken long to disentangle. It cannot, indeed, be said that they are even yet separated in men's minds, but they tend to become so on British soil. The divine right of kings to govern wrong was a possible enough creed in a world far too perverse and difficult to justify men in expecting, far less in demanding, the coincidence of faith with reason; but the divine right of kings not to govern but only to reign is a creed which would have "staggered the stout Stagyrite" and turned the stomach of Sir Thomas Browne. The old language may still cling in a country which has happily never been baptised into the spirit of disruption, and where ivy will grow even over a Board school; nay, the old faith is still whispered in vicarages and muttered in messrooms, but, practically, both faith and language may be discarded. The essence of the old loyalty was personal obedience; but "the man on the top of the omnibus" has no habit of personal obedience to Queen Victoria, who, indeed, never asks him to do anything to please her, except every now and again to put a cloth band round his hat, which he by no means does.

Yet we are still a loyal people though we wear our loyalty with

a difference. It is not the loyalty of Filmer, or even of Sir William Blackstone—but of Mr. Bagehot and Mr. Dicey.

In days of old, says Heine, the people belonged to the king; now the king belongs to the people. It is true. The king has come over to our side of the hedge. The people have appropriated him, even as they have done Hyde Park. From forest laws to debates on the Crown lands—what a stride! Not so much in legislation, or in language, but in feeling, and therefore in fact. Still, we are a loyal people.

If, however, loyalty and allegiance are to go on subsisting amongst us, they must find food—that is, ideas—to feed upon. Transitional periods are periods of mental starvation. End they must, one way or another, in new food or death from inanition. You cannot, as Dr. Newman has said, stand for years on one leg. The English can do it longer and better, with greater gravity and less grimace, than anybody else; but even John Bull must eventually come down on to both feet. Institutions rest on reason.

The flexibility of the British Constitution is justly the marvel of all jurists, and the admiration of many. Its centre of gravity is not fixed. A constitution in motion frightens the timid, who pant after permanence. They want something which, in the words of Mr. Mill, "by general agreement has a right to be where it is, and to be secure against disturbance, whatever else may change."

The American Constitution is now much praised by some Tories for the pains it takes to preserve itself against whimsical or ill-considered change. A manufactured constitution is sure to abound in more or less skilful contrivances to secure for itself a prolonged existence; but the glory of our Constitution is that it is not a manufacture but a growth. Our people, we may be sure, would never consent to allow the judges to decide whether or not an Act of Parliament was *ultra vires* the Constitution; and unless this is done the American devices are no great things.

Our House of Lords is an institution which, perhaps, like the foreigner's diet of "chocolate and Schnapps," in Calverley's poem, "has its merits," but permanence is probably not amongst them. The House of Commons is of necessity a shifting and variable body which must more and more become so identified with the general

mass of the people as to be barely distinguishable from it. Nor would it be safe to assume that the leaders of the House will always be men of either commanding genius or interesting personalities. But the Throne—deep-rooted as it is in the historic past; part and parcel as, by the use of image, metaphor, and example, it has become of the English language; ennobled by poetry; and still tinged with the glow from a sunken faith—possesses some at least of the qualities the timid demand, and seems to be the something which by general agreement has a right to be where it is.

The purely Republican form of Government has few friends in this country. After all, history counts for something, and we have been a Republic, or what passed for such when Cromwell was Consul, and did not like it. Even Milton could not make us like it. Nor have the more recent examples of France and America proved "soul-animating." What have they that we need miss? What do we retain that we cannot get rid of when we choose? Has Freedom left her ancient shores to take refuge elsewhere? The modern *Mayflowers* no longer carry English Republicans to America with Bibles in their trunks, fleeing from kings' palaces, but American Republicans to England, fleeing from the ennui of Washington, and all agog to be introduced at St. James's. As for France, the story of Boulanger is sinking deep into the hearts of the British people; who, as they do not read the *Times* newspaper, are ignorant of the excuses that can be invented for those who use public funds to corrupt an army from its allegiance. Nor is it likely to be soon forgotten how the Comte de Paris, the descendant of kings, bade his own friends return twenty-five Boulangists for Paris; and so long as we remember these things we shall never lightly expose

"Our ocean-empire with her boundless homes"

to lewd ambitions or an exile's dream.

One or two Parliamentary sages did indeed declare, during the recent debate on the Royal Grants, that had they

"The well-balanced world on hinges hung,
And cast the dark foundations deep,
And bade the weltering waves their oosy channel keep,"

they would have hung it and dug it differently and provided no lodging in it for kings and queens; but as their services had not been required on that occasion, and as things had now gone on some time, they were content (so they said) to leave the Throne where they found it. Even the baby King of Spain might muster up courage to shake his tiny fist in the face of such a very hypothetical and amateur Republican as Mr. Handel Cossham, M.P.

But a king who belongs to the people has to adopt other maxims of behaviour than those which controlled his conduct when the people belonged to him. A throne which is looked upon as a mere adjunct of the aristocracy, who now count for nothing politically; a throne which, outside fashionable circles, is hardly heard of except when it wants money to establish its younger branches on an equal footing with the idle rich, and so enable them to live on the public bounty after a manner daily becoming more doubtful for anybody, can never win the esteem of the working population of these islands.

The Court boundaries must needs be enlarged. Friendly relations with the Crown ought to be not the hall-mark of society but of nationality. The artisan and the laundress have as much right to kiss hands, and have mouths as clean as the railway contractor or the squire's dame. Nor would the loyalty of Whitechapel be any less genuine than that of Westminster. A popularity of this royal kind would not need to stoop to the odious and foolish devices of the Primrose League. It at least wants no man's vote. Its mission is to attach to itself, as the outward and visible sign of Empire, the loyalty and allegiance of the whole population.

For this public end money need not and would not be spared. Royalty, in Milton's phrase, is the brag of politics

> "And must be shown
> In Courts, at feasts, and high solemnities,
> Where most may wonder at the workmanship."

The poor love pageantry and pictures as well as greasy citizens their City dinners. The heavy-shoed French peasant may still be seen and heard clattering across the floors of the *salons* at Versailles, gazing with an odd expression upon the fast fading

finery. *Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité,* are better things than mirrors and brocade, but are also worthy of them.

It need scarcely be added that to stem the swelling tide of democracy is none of the Crown's business. That proud task belongs to the House of Lords and the Primrose League. Mrs. Partington upon a throne wielding her mop like a sceptre is a risible image, and it has been shrewdly said that the one rock ahead of Royalty is its tendency to grow slightly ridiculous.

Men's passion for equality will grow stronger and stronger, and play pranks with privilege and existing legal conceptions of property; but the Throne is not based on either privilege or property, but upon the recognition by the sober sense of the people of the necessity and utility of a permanent institution outside themselves, above party and above ambition. To such an institution the countrymen of Burke, of Scott, and of Macaulay, need never be ashamed to profess a loyalty which, however it may differ in some of its aspects from that which animated those distinguished men, is yet not without their three characteristic notes of national prudence, poetry, and pride.

AUGUSTINE BIRRELL.

STUDIES IN CHARACTER.

THE RIGHT HON. ARTHUR J. BALFOUR, M.P.

WHEN the present Parliament met, and Lord Randolph Churchill was installed as Leader of the House of Commons and Chancellor of the Exchequer, he seemed assured of the prospective leadership of the Conservative party. Mr. Balfour, formerly a more or less unattached member of the Fourth party, was not even in the Cabinet, but occupied one of the subordinate posts in the Administration of his uncle. To-day Lord Randolph Churchill is out of office and out of power, while Mr. Balfour, as Chief Secretary for Ireland, is universally acknowledged as the future leader of the English Conservatives. Nothing in recent times has been more sudden and more striking than the transformation that has been brought about in the position of the two men. Until the winter of 1886 Mr. Balfour was not even in the running. Since the winter of 1887 he has had the race absolutely to himself. The sudden plunge downward of his former chief brings into clearer relief the upward swoop by which Mr. Balfour gained the vacant place. Yet so much does it seem in accordance with the nature of things, and so completely have we become accustomed to the new relationship between the two men, that it requires an effort of memory to recall the fact that only a year or two ago their positions were diametrically reversed.

From the moment men saw Mr. Balfour seat himself firmly in the Irish saddle their eyes were opened, and the astonished and delighted Conservatives recognised with rapture that Providence had raised up for them a leader out of their own ranks, after their own heart. From that day to this Mr. Balfour's progress from the

point of view of his party has been one continued triumph, and he is now far and away the most popular man in the Conservative ranks. If, by any chance, it were to fall to the lot of the Tory legions to elect a leader in place of the Marquis of Salisbury, it is Mr. Balfour who would instantly be raised upon their shields. He is the heir-presumptive to the Conservative leadership, without a rival and beyond dispute. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that for the last two years he has been the Government. There have been other Ministers in Downing Street, but the electoral battle has raged round Mr. Balfour and Mr. Balfour almost alone. Mr. Ritchie might pass his County Government Bills, Mr. Goschen might reduce the interest on Consols, and Lord Salisbury might write despatches at the Foreign Office, but the nation at large was not much concerned about these matters. When the lists were opened and the tournament began it was Mr. Balfour and Mr. Balfour alone who had to bear the brunt of the fray. All the hostile knights made at him as the only adversary who was worthy of their steel. It is scarcely too much to say that for two years English politics have been little else than a prolonged execration of Mr. Balfour on one side, answered on the other by an equally sustained chorus of laudation. He is on his own side the great central figure of the political arena.

To what causes does Mr. Balfour owe his unique ascendency? What are the gifts by which he has achieved so brilliant a success? How comes it that Mr. Balfour should, at the comparatively youthful age of forty-one, command the devotion and excite the enthusiasm of the whole Unionist party? Opportunity, of course, counts for much. But for the retirement of Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, Mr. Balfour might to this day have been worrying along in more or less nonchalant fashion through the humdrum business of the Scotch Department of the Home Office, nor would any but his most intimate friends have dreamed that he had it in him to eclipse Mr. Goschen and to cause men to forget that Lord Randolph ever existed. But the opportunity which brought fame to Mr. Balfour might have brought shame. The Chief Secretaryship is a perilous post for reputations. How came it that an office which broke Mr. Forster, and nearly killed Sir George Trevelyan, and

drove Sir Michael Hicks-Beach into retreat, should have landed Mr. Balfour in the very foretop of the State ?

The root of Mr. Balfour's success lies in the one great distinction which differentiates him from Lord Randolph Churchill. Lord Randolph, although belonging to one of the proudest of our ducal families, is, *au fond*, a democrat. Lord though he is by title, he is at heart a plebeian. It is the secret alike of his strength and of his weakness. But Mr. Balfour, although not blessed by even a courtesy title, is an aristocrat to his finger tips. And the more his career is studied, the more we probe into the secret of his phenomenal ascent to all but the first place in the State, the more surely are we driven back to the conviction that the truth lies here. It is because he is, through and through, every inch of his tall, spare form an aristocrat of the aristocrats, that he is at this moment the idol of the Tory democracy. That which might have been his ruin in other circumstances has proved his salvation. For the moment, England is governing Ireland on aristocratic principles, and in Mr. Balfour she has found an aristocrat who might have been created expressly to serve her purpose.

There is a great deal of the aristocrat latent in every Englishman. The indefinable sense of race superiority which even the most violent Radicals feel in presence of the coloured races is at bottom essentially aristocratic. The sense of equality which is so great a passion with the French has not eaten into our masses. Down to the last General Election the most commonplace Radical M.P. would have felt hurt if you confounded him with the Irish M.P.'s. The mere Irish have never been recognised by the masses of Britons as beings quite of the same flesh and blood as ourselves. Mr. Gladstone himself felt this as strongly as anyone when he clapped Mr. Parnell into gaol for offences for which he would never have dreamed of imprisoning either Englishman or Scotchman. The whole system on which Ireland has been governed for centuries has been based upon the assumption that we of the larger island are obviously and always the superior race. It is this which constitutes the whole difficulty in the way of the Home Rulers. They base their scheme upon a diametrically opposite principle. To them an Irishman

is a man and a citizen as much entitled to the privileges and liberties and prerogatives of manhood and citizenship as if he were Scotch or English. If once that were recognised, Home Rule would follow as a corollary; if, indeed, there were any longer a demand for Home Rule, a scheme which has been nursed into popularity solely by the resentment of the Irish at the inferior position to which they have been relegated by the dominant Saxon. The Unionist majority was elected in fierce antagonism to the democratic doctrine of Irish equality. When, after a period during which Sir Michael Hicks-Beach attempted to reconcile opposing principles, the impossible enterprise broke down, the majority fell back upon the aristocratic system of race ascendency. The Irish were once more taken in hand and ruled as a subject race. And for such a work Mr. Balfour was peculiarly fitted, because he, more than any man in the Conservative ranks, was aristocratic to his heart's core.

That is the secret of his strength. That which the majority of the nation for the time being wanted done he felt naturally called to do, and did it without *arrière pensée*, without any shame-faced feeling that he was doing wrong. Mr. Gladstone has coerced Ireland before this, but always at the back of his mind was the horrid, haunting doubt whether after all he was not mistaken. Mr. Balfour has no doubts; he is as calmly cocksure that he is right as Joshua was when he exterminated the Canaanites. And for this reason. With the splendid intellectual arrogance of an aristocrat he has satisfied himself that the Irish are, politically, distinctly inferior to the English and Scotch. "They have great gifts," he often says: "they have wit, imagination, eloquence, valour; in many respects they are our superiors. But in one respect they are our inferiors, and no amount of Gladstonian rhetoric can make them otherwise. They are politically incapable of self-government. Why not govern them as the Scotch, you ask? Because they are not Scotch. They cannot be trusted to govern themselves, for the simple and sufficient reason that Providence, in giving them many gifts, omitted to give them the qualities which ensure stable self-control. The Irish are no more fit to be trusted with the control of their own destinies than your little children

are fitted to be left in charge of your house, to pay rates and taxes, to direct the servants, and to manage the household. Some day your nursery may break out in rebellion and demand the keys of the house. You will not, unless you are mad, comply with the clamour of the children. For their own sakes you must not. If they persist in smashing the crockery and proceed to break the windows unless they are allowed to be 'masters in their own house,' then you must, however reluctantly, take measures to reduce them to obedience. What you do in your nursery, England must do in Ireland. You may call it coercion if you please. It is simply the exercise of the minimum of authority necessary to secure the retention of the reins of Government in the hands of the natural head of the household. There is my policy in Ireland in a nutshell. I am in charge of the mutinous nursery." Almost in these very words Mr. Balfour may be heard to justify to his friends and to his own conscience the policy he is enforcing in Ireland. All that he does, all that he says, grows naturally as a logical deduction from this foundation principle. If he is right in believing the Irish are gifted children, incapable of the self-control of manhood, then his policy can hardly be regarded as other than necessary and inevitable. There is no doubt something superbly arrogant in this calm ruling out of a whole nation as permanently incapacitated for the ordinary elementary right of free citizens, but this supreme arrogance is the distinguishing note of the aristocrat. Aristocracies always imagine that they are gifted by the gods with the charter of sovereignty over the rest of mankind. In the beginning they are right. Aristocracies come into existence and grow strong because they are wiser and stronger than those over whom they rule. But nations do not always remain *in statu pupillari*, a fact which aristocrats forget until they discover their mistake under the knife of the guillotine or in the horrors of a stricken field. The temper, however, which is thus bred is invaluable up to the point where the system breaks down. It silences all qualms of conscience. It stifles all self-reproach. It hears the cries and reproaches of the victims of its measures of repression as though they were but the bellowings of oxen goaded out of the clover field into which they

had trespassed. It leaves its possessor in complete control of all his faculties, at ease with himself, and distracted by none of those attempts at self-justification which paralyse the energy of the half-convinced. "This people which knoweth not the law are accursed," and that is the end of the matter. "The negro is unfit for freedom," was another formula which left the planter quite at ease amid his slaves. So Mr. Balfour, having assumed that the Irish are even as infants in a nursery, sets himself to the duty of restraining the naughty little dears within due rule and compass with absolute *sang froid* and nonchalant self-complacency.

That is the first and the greatest secret of Mr. Balfour's success. Aristocratic work being demanded for the moment by a democratic people, he, a born aristocrat, seems actually a Heaven-sent Minister. From this spirit spring the qualities which impress both friend and foe. His friends declare that there never was a more charming man than Mr. Balfour; while his enemies maintain that no more odious and offensive personality ever affronted the House of Commons. The charm and the offence are largely due to the same causes. He is charming to his friends, because he is so thoroughly at his ease that he can put all those around him at their ease. His temper is unruffled, his style polished and refined. He has all the fascination of manner that distinguishes a great noble who is too sympathetic to be haughty and too intelligent to be dull. But to his foes the reverse of the same qualities seems by no means admirable. His imperturbable good temper is exasperating beyond endurance. His easy *insouciance* seems intolerably insolent, and his light-hearted mode of disposing of his assailants is infinitely more aggravating than invective or abuse. It is galling in the extreme, after you have called him base, bloody, brutal Bomba, to find that you have only slightly bored Mr. Arthur Balfour, who revenges himself with a merry quip or a parting jest. That indifference is the deadliest of insults, for it indicates far more forcibly than words the immeasurable disdain which does not honour its assailants even with an emotion as active as contempt.

There is a certain apparent callousness about this aristocratic temperament which misleads the superficial observer who imagines that Mr. Balfour is heartless. In reality, there are few

men in politics who have so tender a heart, or whose human sympathies are so fresh and sincere. But, like all aristocrats, his sympathies are limited. The woes of Mr. Conybeare, the wrongs of Mr. O'Brien, even the sufferings of Mr. Mandeville, never get home to the Chief Secretary any more than the torture of a salmon comes home to an angler. These people are without the pale. They have to be reduced to submission, and the process would only be impeded if you paused to think how the operation affects their feelings.

This brings us to another feature of Mr. Balfour's strength. He believes in his police. He swears by them as a schoolboy swears by his side. They are engaged, in his eyes, in the noblest task committed to human hands. They are the champions of the law. Therefore he backs them up with a thorough-going stick-at-nothingness which is almost sublime. "The police can do no wrong" has almost come to be with him an axiom of State. When they speak, controversy is at an end for him. He repeats their reports as if they were gospel. No shade of doubt, philosophic or otherwise, is allowed to cross his mind when the police version of any incident reaches him from Dublin Castle. If he does not exactly say *Credo quia impossibile*, there is no doubt that he believes them none the less implicitly, even though their story should be impossible. This intrepid spirit of unfaltering faith in every police report, this unwavering support of every official who works under his orders, is a great element of strength for the time being, although it accumulates wrath against the day of reckoni n which is steadily drawing nigh. It increases the gulf between him and his subjects, and by a natural law confirms and strengthens his original tendency to stand by his men, as a general stands by his soldiers when in the face of the foe.

Mr. Balfour has learnt two great lessons necessary to the modern administrator. He understands the virtues that reside in a free hand. He understands equally well the sovereign efficacy of a blind eye; he allows his men a free hand, and when complaint is made of their doings, he claps his official telescope to his blind eye. It is a device which has often stood him in good stead.

Mr. Balfour is an aristocrat, but he is not one of Lord Beacons-

field's aristocrats, who read nothing. He is, on the contrary, a great but desultory reader. He is the man of letters of his party. He has an excellent literary taste, and would much prefer discussing books with Mr. Morley or Mr. Gladstone over a dinner-table to debating politics with them in the House of Commons. He is a bit of a philosopher, also, in his way; thoughtful and reflective, with a dash of pessimism alternating with glimpses of a happier faith. It is difficult for a Conservative to be an optimist, even when bye-elections result in Unionist victories. The whole movement of modern affairs must seem so wretched a *pis aller* that the wonder is that they struggle any longer against the inevitable. There is a somewhat cynical vein of humour in Mr. Balfour which, while it lightens his survey of life, effectively damps all enthusiasm. He is not much of an idealist, but a somewhat sombre observer of men and things. Among modern statesmen he knows but one man who believes in England as the Elizabethans believed in her, and who is capable of taking a comprehensive survey of the whole range of the Empire, and that man is Lord Salisbury. He believes in his uncle more than he believes in himself, and, although he believes in England, he believes and trembles.

The intellectual quality of the man is high, not perhaps of the highest, but still very good. No one can listen to him, or even read his speeches, without feeling that he is a vigorous swordsman, alert and adroit, nimble of fence, and prompt to take advantage of every weak opening in his opponent's guard. In the Irish *melée* it is to be feared that his finer style has become somewhat degenerated. "Whenever you see a head, hit it," has come to be too much the *mot d'ordre* of the Irish Secretary. If the Apostle had fought constantly instead of only once in a way with the wild beasts of Ephesus, the apostolic character would have gradually merged in that of the gladiator; and it is no reflection upon Mr. Balfour to say that his long wrangles with the Irish brigade in St. Stephen's have tended somewhat to vulgarise him as a controversialist. But on the whole he has emerged from the ordeal comparatively unscathed. His geniality is unimpaired. His wit has a keener edge. His capacity to appeal to the deeper sympathies of a great popular audience has

been proved and developed. He is a hard hitter, and always comes up to time. He is not a maker of epigrams like Mr. Morley; neither is he a professional joker like Mr. Labouchere. But when the man in the street reads Mr. Balfour's speeches he smiles, and his political opponents turn white with rage.

Mr. Balfour is more sworn at and sworn by than any man in politics save Mr. Gladstone. In some quarters it is regarded as the unpardonable sin to suggest that Mr. Balfour possesses a single virtue, or is not laden down with every vice. In others he is lauded to the skies as if he were a hero and a demigod. We never hear the last of his courage, his chivalry, his even-handed justice, his pluck. All this is very exaggerated. Mr. Balfour is neither fiend nor archangel. He is a clever young aristocrat, early trained to the service of the State, who has made the most of a capital chance. He has a considerable literary gift, great personal and social charm, and a good Scotch habit of application and persistence. In the substance of his character there is true grit, and in a tough fight anyone who found himself in a very tight place would have good reason to thank his stars if he had Mr. Balfour at his back. He is perfectly sincere, and he is as free from self-seeking as most men. If only he had more popular sympathy, and a little more English faith, he might be one of the most powerful Ministers of modern times.

It would, of course, be absurd to predict that Arthur the Debonnaire, who played the dilettante for so many years, will never develop into the stalwart leader of a passionately national party. He has already developed so far that there is reason for hoping that he may develop still further. The silken youth of peaceful times often turns out in the fray to be of tempered steel, and so it may be with Mr. Balfour. So, indeed, it has been to a considerable extent already. When he accepted the office of Chief Secretary, his friends thought it would prove fatal. The far from arduous work of the Scotch Office had nearly broken him down the previous Session, and none of those who saw him when the House rose in 1886 are ever likely to forget his haggard face. To place him in the Irish Office seemed like giving him a ticket for the grave. He was always taking medicine, needing fresh air, and

generally ailing. On the very day on which his acceptance of the Chief Secretaryship was announced, the mantelpiece of his library in Carlton House Gardens was liberally littered with pill boxes and medicine bottles. The strain of the Irish Office had grizzled Sir George Trevelyan's hair as if in two years had fallen the snow of ten, and to those who loved Mr. Balfour—and he is one of those men whom to know is to love—his acceptance of the post seemed little short of suicide. He had not, however, acted without consideration and consultation. Before volunteering for active service at the front, he submitted himself to a close personal examination at the hands of Sir W. Jenner. That distinguished physician not only pronounced Mr. Balfour completely sound, but assured him that, so far as he could judge, no better prescription could be ordered for the maintenance of his health than the steady collar work of an all-absorbing department of the Administration. Mr. Balfour took his doctor at his word, and the result has abundantly verified the soundness of his judgment. Mr. Balfour has never turned a hair since he took office. The daily abuse has acted upon him as a positive tonic. He has slept better, eaten better, and altogether enjoyed better health since he became the butt for the shafts of the whole Irish party. His case deserves to be placed on permanent record as a signal example of the beneficial effect of continuous excitement and heavy responsibility upon certain constitutions

As it was in physique so it was in the moral or mental character of Mr. Balfour. His besetting sin was not exactly indolence, but a certain easy-going indisposition to take trouble. He needed rousing. He was in his way just a little bit of a Sybarite. Of this, the most familiar illustration was his absolute refusal to read the newspapers. He probably reads them now, but until he became a Cabinet Minister he made a rule of never reading a daily paper. When expostulated with for this neglect of the chronicles of our time he used to reply: "I much prefer hearing the news from the people who are making history to reading the more or less inaccurate reports of third parties. I always hear all that is worth hearing. As for the rest, what a *corvée* I escape by never opening a paper!" The reply was characteristic of the man, with his Epicurean preference

for receiving the plums of the news from the men who gathered them fresh from the tree, and a supreme indifference to all that could not be served up in that dainty fashion. The poet Thomson, who is said to have eaten peaches from the tree as he leant up against the wall in the sun, had a touch of the same quality. But that cannot co-exist with any very keen interest in the movement of the world. A certain lazy, self-indulgent habit which also found expression in lying in bed till noon vanished under the stress and strain of Irish administration. There used to be a good deal of the Miss Nancy about Mr. Balfour. But the rough-and-tumble of active warfare has caused most of us to forget that he ever was Miss Nancy. Who knows but that the habit of responsible authority, and the constant pressure of the real burdens of the Empire, may make of him a much greater man than seemed possible twelve months ago?

Is there depth enough in his nature to move men greatly? That is the crucial question, and one on which everything depends. It would be premature as yet to return an answer. His speeches are clever and smart. He is an expert at the foils, and occasionally can handle a rapier very deftly. But does that affectation of cynicism cover a real faith, or is it only the mask behind which there is nothing but a sorry void? Those who know him best say that, *au fond*, Mr. Balfour is a true man with a deep underlying faith in the reality of things, which will every day make itself more and more apparent. We all know him to be kindly hearted, sympathetic, and full of humane sensitiveness to the sufferings of all who are not outside the pale. But hitherto there has been an absence of the inspiring note which thrills the hearts of those who listen. There is, to use an old phrase, no unction in his speeches. They seldom or never touch the deeper strings that vibrate most intensely in the human breast. The absence of all purple patches in his oratory is an illustration of the lack of that glowing emotion of which they are the natural outcome. It may be that for him life has been too smooth as yet to enable him to strike these deeper chords. Adversity is the greatest schoolmaster: those who have never suffered have seldom the power to make others feel. If, however, Mr. Balfour could but sometimes rise into the higher region of

patriotic and Imperial ideas, and make men feel that he was not so entirely absorbed by the cut and thrust and parry of the party game as to lose sight of his country and all that she stands for in the world, we should have more confidence in his future.

There is one quality, unfortunately a rare quality among his contemporaries, which Mr. Balfour possesses in ample store. He is magnanimous. He is not personal. He can tolerate abuse and he does not resent criticism. He retains friends who denounce every act of his administration, and even the *cloaca maxima* of Hibernian abuse does not excite his disgust or indignation. Nothing is more characteristic of the man than the fact that after two years at the Irish Office he has learned to like and to appreciate William O'Brien. When he entered the Irish Office he took an amused interest in some of the Irish members, but William O'Brien seemed to him, as he seemed to many others, more than flesh and blood could stand. Gradually, however, as he came to know the redoubtable editor of *United Ireland*, his distaste dwindled, until at last he absolutely began to feel for him some kind of personal regard. This has not in the least prevented him clapping Mr. O'Brien in gaol once and again, but that is all in the day's work. The fact that it was necessary to imprison him was indeed, in a certain way, a tribute to his power and to his importance. It is, of course, quite true that a shrewd sense of gratitude should keep Mr. Balfour from feeling resentment at the oratorical brickbats which the Irish members hurl at his head. They form no small part of the pedestal which enables him to command the gaze of the world. But how few ever recognise the fact that no friends ever help us so much as our foes! Mr. Balfour does, and does so with good grace and frank sincerity. When Artemus Ward's steed was weary, he hung a hornet's nest upon his tail "to kinder encourage him." The perpetual roasting which Mr. Balfour undergoes at the hands of Irishmen does him a similar service. It keeps him from relapsing into the region in which it is always afternoon, for which he has constitutionally a very dangerous longing. But, these things apart, Mr. Balfour is a big enough man to disdain to regard difference of opinion as a personal offence, and to recognise the intellectual honesty of those

who regard his policy with detestation. Perhaps this may be due to the absence of keenness which we have already referred to. If so, then that is a quality of his defect which stands him in better stead than many of his virtues.

Whether or not Mr. Balfour will be a great statesman depends upon whether or not he is capable of sympathising with and of responding to the needs of the masses of his fellow countrymen. He is a political economist at bottom, and very little of a sentimentalist. But he is shrewd enough to see that mere repression is no policy. When he took office someone said to him that he could not expect to succeed where Cromwell had failed. He replied: "Cromwell failed because he relied solely upon repressive measures. That mistake I shall not imitate. I shall be as relentless as Cromwell in enforcing obedience to the law, but at the same time I shall be as Radical as any reformer in redressing grievances and especially in removing every cause of complaint in relation to the land. It is on the twofold aspect of my policy that I rely for my success. Hitherto English Governments have stood first on one leg and then on the other. They have either been all for repression or all for reform. I am for both: repression as stern as Cromwell; reform as thorough as Mr. Parnell or anyone else can desire."

OUR SOUTHERN RAILWAYS.

I.

THERE are two axioms in English railway travelling. The one financial—the more you pay the less you get in return. Nobody ever heard of either Rushton or of Elham, but most people who were told that they were both just about the same distance (seventy-four miles) from London, and that the first-class fare in the former case was 10s., in the latter 17s. 6d., would know without further inquiry that to Rushton there would be quick convenient trains with large, new, and comfortable carriages, and that to Elham they would be slow in the theory of the time book, yet slower in the practice of their every-day working; while the *soi-disant* first-class carriages would be vehicles whose venerable age admirably qualified them, if for no other purpose, at least to furnish most excellent firewood. The other axiom is geographical. As Calverley puts it:—

> "The North is true and tender,
> And the South an old offender."

In other words the Northern lines are very good, the Southern lines are very bad, while the West "cometh midway between and shareth the qualities of either."

The reason of this is at first sight by no means obvious. It might have been thought *à priori* that companies whose officials are absorbed in the management of their vast goods traffic, whose lines are blocked by the never-ending caravans of goods and minerals, would pay less attention to the comparatively secondary matter of passenger accommodation than companies which have really nothing else to think about. But the facts are unfortunately

the other way. Perhaps the Southern companies may plead that they are corrupted by close intercourse with their Continental neighbours. It may be so, and the South-Eastern and the Chatham are, no doubt, not as far inferior to the North-Western and the Great Northern as they are superior to the *Nord* and the *Etat Belge*. But after all, it is by English, not by Continental standards that they must expect to be judged: and weighed in this balance they are found sadly wanting. If only we might hope that their kingdoms would be divided and given to the Northern companies. For it is not in one point only, but in all, that the superiority of the latter is manifest. Take the question of fares. Leicester is a hundred miles from London, and Folkestone is seventy. But to Folkestone one is charged half as much again as to Leicester. Roughly speaking, this is the average difference: about 1¾d. first and 1¼d. second is, north of the Thames, the ordinary fare; 2d. second and a little under 3d. first is the usual thing to the south. In local fares it is even worse; fourpence for a single mile is by no means unknown, at least on the South-Eastern. Further, a return ticket for distances between fifty and a hundred miles (a distance which includes all the watering-places in the south-east of England) is available on the Southern lines for eight days. The Northern practice would extend it to a month. Yet again, a tourist is going to Scarborough or Llandudno for the summer. He can break his journey on the one road at Peterborough and York; on the other at Lichfield and at Chester; or he may turn aside through Warwick and Birmingham, as his fancy takes him. But a passenger to Ramsgate or Dover may live and die without seeing Canterbury and Rochester for all the Southern companies care to do to accommodate him. "Passengers cannot be allowed to break their journey with the same ticket at an intermediate station," peremptorily announces the South-Eastern Railway.

It will be said, "Why make a fuss about first and second class fares? Those who pay them can afford to pay them. Nine people out of ten travel third, and they pay, every man his penny, as much on the South-Eastern as on the North-Western." North-Western passengers travel first or second, because they choose; on the Southern lines we do so because we must. In John Gilpin's

case we all remember how he got off his horse and went back to his counter because :—

"Loss of time,
Although it grieved him sore,
Yet loss of pence, full well he knew,
Would trouble him much more."

But a Chatham and Dover ordinary train cannot make up lost time like John Gilpin's steed, and, if we want to get to Dover any time after 7.15 in the evening, it is not much use to know that we can go down third class—in three hours and a half, *bien entendu*—at the convenient hour of 5.45 the following morning ; so willy-nilly we lose our pence and go down by the "boat" express, not, however, without consciousness of the fact that an extra 9d. would have sufficed to take us to Manchester.

It was stated on behalf of the South-Eastern the other day that it was a mistake to accuse them of adopting an illiberal or exclusive policy, that, in fact, all the expresses on the line except the "boat" trains carried third-class passengers. The writer forgot to add that, if the "boat" trains were excepted, there were only four expresses on the line. The exact fact is that, while practically every train north of the Thames carries third-class passengers as a matter of course, the three Southern companies are placed by Mr. Foxwell (*Expresses, English and Foreign*, p. 66) as follows :—

COMPANY.	NUMBER OF EXPRESSES.	EXPRESS MILEAGE.	PERCENTAGE CARRYING THIRD-CLASS PASSENGERS.
London, Brighton, and South Coast	17	1562	48
South-Eastern	14	1180	30
London, Chatham, and Dover	9	706	22

This may be considered the normal proportion, but matters would have appeared worse if a percentage had been taken in the height of summer, when all three companies were running extra trains, some of them first-class only, others first and second only, for the Paris traffic.

One word now about carriage accommodation. We might be content to say nothing of the stations, and to put up in silence with a tumble-down shed such as that at London Bridge, which the South-Eastern is always *going* to improve, if only we had not to wait so long on the platform for trains that never come. But the carriages! The rulers of the Queen's Navee can, we know, "make it twelve o'clock," and on the South-Eastern and the Chatham it is apparently considered that a carriage can be made first class by the simple process of painting a statement to that effect on its side. Elsewhere we know what a first-class carriage means. It means, primarily, a carriage with seats for six persons divided off by arms, so that under no circumstances can the occupants be overcrowded. On the Chatham most of the first-class carriages are seated for eight persons, many of them for ten, and even this latter number is habitually exceeded. The bye-laws specially provide for the punishment of passengers who persist "in entering a compartment containing the full number of persons which it is constructed to convey," but they contain no provision for dealing with the servant of the company who deliberately thrusts passengers into compartments containing as aforesaid; yet the latter offence is of much more frequent occurrence than the former.

Much more important than carriage-fittings, as affecting not merely comfort but safety, is the question of brakes. The South-Eastern has a third of its stock entirely unprovided with continuous brakes; of the remaining two-thirds a large portion is fitted with the obsolete, simple vacuum, a brake which does not comply with the Board of Trade conditions, as it is entirely useless if the carriages become separate from the engine or from one another. As for the Chatham Company, at the date of the last return, out of every one hundred miles run on the line, eighty-eight were run by trains absolutely dependent on nothing better than a hand-brake.

On December 31st last, there was a serious accident at Loughborough Junction, and no less than fifty-one passengers were injured. There was a dense fog prevailing at the time, but the Board of Trade's inspecting officer reports as follows:—

"It is highly probable that no collision would have occurred had the London, Chatham, and Dover Company's train been fitted with an efficient

continuous brake in the driver's hands, instead of its having had only hand-brakes on the engine and on two vehicles out of the ten composing the train, as even in the distance of thirty yards, considering the slow rate at which the train was travelling, it might with a continuous brake have been stopped, or nearly so. The progress of this company in supplying its passenger trains with efficient brakes is lamentably slow, and, considering the very important character of the passenger traffic, it is difficult to understand the apparent supineness of the directors as regards this matter."

On August 1st, the Chatham and Dover Chairman met his shareholders, and had to tell them that the Loughborough Junction accident had already cost them £8,000, and he was afraid they would have to pay more. He continued in the following terms :— "These claims are of an outrageous character, and they are nothing more nor less than gross swindles, but such is the state of the law in England that you had much better accept the consequences and pay an extravagant claim than go into litigation." Mr. Forbes is certainly wise, it would have been very far from prudent for him to go into litigation. Had he done so, the jury would have had further evidence before them ; for, on March 18th, there was again a collision on the Chatham and Dover, this time at Snow Hill, and twelve passengers were injured. Once again the inspecting officer reported :—

"There is but little doubt that this collision would have been altogether avoided, or, at any rate, much lessened in its violence, had the Hendon train been fitted throughout with a continuous brake."

Nor would the evidence have stopped there. On July 2nd there was a third accident on the Chatham and Dover, this time at Nunhead. The rear carriages got off the rails as a train was leaving the station, the worn-out draw-bars broke, and, through the absence of a continuous automatic brake, it was not till the front portion of the train reached the next station that either driver or guard perceived that anything out of the ordinary had happened. If in the face of this a British jury had awarded to every passenger, however slightly injured, exemplary damages, would anyone, except the Chatham Chairman, have thought its conduct unnatural ?

Let me here add two points. The one, that in the matter of brakes the Brighton Company is not only free from blame, but has

actually set a very good example to larger and more important companies. For years the whole of its rolling stock—and very good rolling stock almost the whole of it is, too—has been fitted with the Westinghouse brake. It is true they have a few old coaches unfitted, but they never use them except on an emergency. Last summer some of them were hired out—one trusts at a very moderate rate—to the Chatham line, where they were quite in their element. The other point is that the South-Eastern and the Chatham are much too wise to exhibit any of their own special type of rolling stock to the travellers of "a very high description" who frequent their "boat" expresses. If they did, perhaps the next Chatham or South-Eastern Bill might not make good weather of it through the Parliamentary Committee rooms. Indeed, if the Continental services, both *viâ* Folkestone and *viâ* Dover—except as to punctuality, in which respect they are fully worthy of the reputation of their companies—were fair samples of the average performances of the South-Eastern and the Chatham, this article would never have been written, and the British public would have but scant excuse for exercising their traditional right to grumble.

But we have left to the last by far the most serious count in the indictment against the Southern companies—their audacious unpunctuality. The phrase is Mr. Foxwell's, but it is hardly a happy one. Familiarity, we know, breeds contempt, and if unpunctuality ever had any terrors for the Southern lines it has long lost them. They have, like the Duke of Gloster, so often blushed to acknowledge it that now they are brazened to it. How unpunctual they are, probably no one knows but the Superintendents and General Managers of the three different lines. Returns of the running of the trains are, of course, made up, but when made they must be burnt on a moonless midnight. It is impossible to conceive that the directors can really know the state of affairs. The Brighton, the Chatham, and the South-Eastern carry in the year 100,000,000 passengers among them. Say, one in ten gets to his destination at the right time, the curses of the remaining 90,000,000 are more than any body of gentlemen, however conscious of their good intentions, would voluntarily expose themselves to.

Nor can anyone say which of the three companies is the greatest sinner. Common report would assign that position to the South-Eastern. Of the Brighton, Mr. Foxwell writes:—"There are suburban trains running nine or ten miles by which one may travel daily for a year and not arrive within five minutes of the proper time in 95 per cent. of the journeys. Many of the main line trains are proportionately late." For my own part, I should have said the Brighton was, comparatively speaking, a punctual line, but then I live on the Chatham and Dover, and people who have been long stretched on the rack are dead to any further forms of suffering. In the absence of statistics and averages, let us take some instances. On August 3rd the 5.10 p.m. from Charing Cross reached Dorking about 10.45, an inclusive speed of five miles and a half per hour throughout. A recent correspondent of the *Times* gives his experience of twelve trains in July and August last, between London and Sandwich, which were late respectively 25, 25, 45, 13, 22, 90, 22, 7, 23, 27, 25, and 30 minutes. Another correspondent, who has been startled into publishing his experience by suddenly, after twenty-five years' search, coming upon one punctual South-Eastern train, states, as a result of a week's experience from London to Caterham, that no train was more than 27 or less than 14 minutes late of arrival. Here is a Brighton record. On August 17th a friend of the writer's was coming up from Hastings by the 5.10 p.m., due at Victoria 7.50. He was going down to the West of England by the mail at 9.15 from Paddington. His train took half an hour over the last two and a half miles from Clapham Junction, and finally crawled into Victoria at 8.57, so he had to remain in London till the following morning. Of one important train on a Southern line I was informed the other day on the best possible authority that in the last three years it had never once run at the advertised time. On the last occasion that I happened to notice its time of arrival it was an hour and a quarter late. But it will go on, for all that, being advertised as usual. As the Chatham and Dover time-book puts it, with an irony which would be delicious to anyone whose own withers were unwrung:—"The published Time Tables of this Company are only intended to fix the times before which trains will not start from the various

stations." A useful purpose, doubtless, but one for which, it must be admitted, they are not often required.

Of the Chatham Company I can speak from personal observation. In October, 1888, a comparatively punctual month, for it is after the tourist season is over and before the winter fogs have begun, I kept a record for a week of my experiences in a journey of five miles to and from London. I was in thirteen trains, and they were 101 minutes late amongst them, an addition of about 40 per cent. to the advertised time of the journey. Another seven days' record, a month or two back, gives 88 minutes wasted on nine journeys. I returned home on August 17th, after some weeks' absence. My first experience was to find that a train which should have started from Victoria at 6 p.m. was without an engine at 6.14, and in the next ten days twenty-one trains caused me to lose 131 minutes. And these were all, or nearly all, trains at the business hours of the day, up in the morning at nine or ten o'clock, and down in the afternoon at five or six. If the times of the trains were taken in the hours of the day when the seaside and "boat" traffic is at its height, matters would be far worse. But even as it is, it is surely sufficiently serious that busy men week after week should waste an hour and a half because a railway company cannot or will not perform its obligations.

Having arrived at the end of our catalogue of grievances, the next thing should be to suggest the remedy. But before doing so it is well to deal with one or two excuses which from time to time are put forward. "It is true," says the South-Eastern Chairman, "our fares are somewhat high, but then our line has been such an expensive one to make. Look at all the tunnels between New Cross and Tunbridge, and think what we have paid for our stations at Charing Cross and Cannon Street." If it were not presumptuous to question the utterances of so great an authority, one might reply that the cost of building a road has nothing to do with the rates to be charged on it; but the point is an abstruse one, so let it pass. It is more pertinent to deny the accuracy of the facts. The Lancashire and Yorkshire and the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire, of whose position Sir Edward Watkin should know something —to quote two lines not so very unlike the South-Eastern in

length—have each cost nearly half as much again per mile. But their fares vary in an inverse proportion. If Sir Edward puts his case that the expenditure on the new line and the new termini justified the increase of fares that was made, we may remind him that in the last half-dozen years the Lancashire and Yorkshire have spent some eight millions on existing lines; that in the ten years 1875-85 the North-Western spent four millions on improving their accommodation in London, Liverpool, Manchester, and Birmingham; but neither the one company nor the other ever dreamed of adding a penny to its fares on that account. And considering that they improved their stations not to please their passengers but to increase their own receipts, there was really no possible reason why they should.

The other excuse is chiefly heard from the mouth of the Chatham Chairman: "Our passengers complain," he says in effect, "that the stations are tumble-down sheds, that the carriages are rickety and worn out, and that there are not enough even of them, that their lives are endangered for want of brakes, and made a burden to them for lack of punctuality. I am afraid there is a good deal of truth in it all. But what can we do? We are a poor company; the improvements that we are asked to give all cost money, and where are we to get the money from to supply them?" And thereupon the shareholders applaud, and some old woman, who apparently thinks that a lad is to be reproved for extravagance if he outgrows the breeches that were large enough for him five years before, gets up and says that the directors are quite right, before all things it is necessary that the capital of the undertaking be not increased, and so the meeting breaks up with the accustomed vote of thanks, and outside all goes on as unhappily as before.

But, for all that, the Chairman is wrong and the shareholders are wrong. In the first place, their poverty is a matter of absolute unimportance to the public at large. According to the accounts the Chatham proprietors appear to have put some £27,000,000 into their undertaking with its 180 miles of line. If so, we can only say that they have made an uncommonly bad bargain, and must bear the consequences. Their neighbours, the South-Eastern and the Brighton, have got, the one 418 and the other 476 miles for the

same or less money. If the grocer were to tell his customers that he had paid so much more than its value for the lease of his shop that he really could not afford to supply eighteenpenny tea at less than half-a-crown, it would not be one whit more ridiculous than the contention of the Chatham Board. But the case is really far worse than this. It is a matter of common knowledge that nothing the least like £27,000,000 of honest cash was ever put into the Chatham and Dover line. How much of that enormously inflated capital represents sheer jobbery, how much is due to the mismanagement that built lines with depreciated paper and flooded the market with shares issued at enormous discounts, probably no one—certainly no outsider—can tell. But those competent to judge declare that if the Chatham and Dover capital, and the sum spent on building the Chatham and Dover line, were, as they should be, convertible terms, there would be to-day few better paying properties in England.

Assuming, however, for the sake of argument that the whole of the nominal capital had a *bonâ fide* right to expect an ordinary commercial rate of dividend, does the Chatham and Dover management, by persistently starving the line, go the right way to work to get it? An unhesitating "no" must be the answer of anyone who looks at the contemporaneous experience of the Great Eastern. Fifteen or sixteen years back Chatham and Dover ordinary stock stood at 27. In the year 1880 it once climbed as high as 36. To-day, the enormous Paris Exhibition traffic having whipped it up a point or two above its usual level of recent years, it stands at 25¼. Fifteen or sixteen years back, the Great Eastern, with a thirty years' record of incompetence and disaster behind it, was a bye-word for mismanagement. A passenger who went by it to Cambridge, when he might travel by the Great Northern, was looked upon as a curiosity. But then there came an abrupt new departure. To begin with, the Company spent £2,000,000 in providing themselves with the best terminus in London. They have spent another million on improving it since. The Chatham have built themselves not one terminus but four, all of them within half a mile, and each of them more ridiculously inadequate than the last. But the Great Eastern treatment of the terminus difficulty has been of a piece with

their whole-hearted dealing with the entire question. They have burnt their old carriages, sent their old engines to the scrap heap, and so on throughout the whole equipment of the line. They have put on the quickest, most frequent, and most punctual suburban service of any railway out of London.

And now for the result. The Great Eastern Chairman told his shareholders the other day that within ten years their passenger receipts had increased £500,000, the bulk of it being in the suburban districts. Last August Mr. Forbes was also able to boast of an increase in the suburban districts of the Chatham and Dover; it amounted to £3,500 for the half-year. And yet no one would assert that Essex has, as a residential district, the natural attractions of Kent and Surrey. What the Stock Exchange thinks of the prospects of the Chatham and Dover we have seen already. Great Eastern ordinary stock stood at 46 in 1878: to-day it is quoted at over 80. Nor have the holders to be satisfied merely with prospects. Fifteen years ago they got nothing; last year they received 2⅜ per cent.; this year they are likely to get, as they deserve, a good deal more.

There is, then, every reason to believe that liberality to their customers would, in the end, be found profitable to the shareholders in the Southern railways. Even if it were not so, that would not be the end of the matter. A railway is a licensed monopoly, permitted to over-ride in all directions the private rights of individual citizens, and owing in return consideration to the convenience of the public at large. But the chairmen of the Southern lines are evidently of a different opinion, and have no intention to give us any concessions for the asking. Fortunately, the resources of civilisation are not yet exhausted. Next month I hope to show how, without any confiscation, without any interference with the right of the Southern shareholders to manage their own affairs, it might be possible to induce the Southern Boards of Directors to reconsider their present attitude of obstinate *non possumus*.

W. M. ACWORTH.

(*To be concluded.*)

SUBURBAN ALLOTMENTS AND DWELLINGS.

THE Allotments and Small Holdings Association, which originated in Birmingham, is one of those wholesome movements which are the direct offspring of democratic institutions. Directly and indirectly it will be, even if slow, beneficent in its operation. And yet allotments, however valuable in many cases, do not fulfil an ideal, or even a practical conception of the conditions of home life which should be within the reach of the working classes employed in our great centres of population.

The necessity for allotments follows the fact that most of our urban workers live in the streets and dismal courts of our crowded towns and cities, and have suburban allotments of land a mile, more or less, away from their homes. That is a qualified good as far as it goes, but is it the best that can be achieved?

I wonder what the middle and upper classes would say if they were condemned to live in one place and have their gardens and pleasure-grounds in another. This separation of the cottage from the garden is an untold disadvantage to working men, with their daily round of labour, whose time and whose health are their only capital.

Few people can realise to their full extent the evil results to the strength, force, morality, and stamina of our people of the conditions under which millions of our working classes live to-day in our larger towns and cities. Sporting men, and breeders of animals for prizes, or for profit, who rear horses, dogs, pigs, and cattle, secure, as the first conditions of success, pure air, good water, an good sanitary arrangements. Our urban workers, the backbone of England, are born and reared under the very opposite conditions.

The slow but sure result may be seen any day, and any hour, in the pale faces, diminutive frames, and shortened lives of those who dwell in the overcrowded courts and slums, and amid the restless and artificial excitements of our large cities. Sooner or later this vital question will be forced upon the Government of the day. Meantime, can nothing be done by public spirit and private enterprise to alleviate this pressing evil?

Conditions are within our reach which should help to solve the problem. Land is cheap, some is unoccupied, and our rail and tram roads enable us to get at it. Financially, it would be idle to suggest any plan which would not yield a moderate return to its promoters. But the wealthy and the capitalists among us, who lend hundreds of millions of money scattered broadcast in every country and every colony on the face of the earth, may well awaken to the condition of their poorer fellow countrymen at home, by whose handiwork wealth and capital have been created, and by whom alone they can be preserved. Surely it is the duty as well as the interest of the wealthier and better educated classes to realise the bare and naked truth as to the conditions which surround their humbler neighbours in the congested districts of our large towns and cities.

Practically, what can be done? Permit me to answer by a sketch of what I have deliberately pledged myself to attempt in connection with a borough of about 50,000 inhabitants in the Midlands. Here, as elsewhere, we have the prevailing urban conditions and the usual struggle for allotments outside the town. We have also our railway companies sweeping into and through the borough with stations within two, three, and four miles in country or village districts. My experiment will be upon ten or twenty acres of land in a neighbouring village, to be acquired at agricultural value, very near one of these adjacent stations, on which I propose to build pairs of three-bedroomed cottages, attaching to each cottage a quarter of an acre, more or less, of land, with a good water supply, and including in the weekly rent a free pass by morning and evening workmen's trains from the local station into the heart of the borough. I believe this may all be accomplished for a weekly rent of not exceeding five shillings, and still yield moderate interest on the capital invested. I shall further provide

that tenants who are able and willing to become owners shall do so at the cost price of their holdings.

Is there anything Utopian in this simple scheme which I have ventured to describe? If it is workable here, on a small scale to begin with, why is it not applicable in principle to our largest cities where the necessity for it is infinitely greater?

Take London for example, with a residuum which must be dispersed and transplanted, or it may some day disperse and uproot the social fabric. Its numbers are rapidly growing, controlled by force alone, and with nothing to lose by any convulsion, however sudden and severe. London is within reach of the cheapest freehold land in England. Freehold estates in Essex are sold for £10 per acre, and much land in that county is unoccupied. The colonisation of some chosen spot in Essex, with workmen's trains to and from London, would be a hopeful beginning.

The financial and general features of this scheme are so important that I venture to dwell upon them in some detail. In order to ensure accuracy, I have gone carefully through my general plan with an eminent builder, who has given me the benefit of his judgment and experience. The practical application of any scheme must be governed by the conditions which exist wherever it is to be introduced. Land varies in value according to situation and quality. Wages vary with the nature and activity of the trade or manufactures of the particular locality. Building is cheaper in some districts than in others. Pairs of cottages cost more per cottage than when built in rows of eight, or ten, or twelve. In my own case I intend to build in pairs. Long rows are not only very unpicturesque, but they involve some elements of disagreement and disorder. Neighbours with the best intentions collide, especially around the pump handle, an invaluable instrument, but which is often common to, at least, half a dozen cottages; in such cases the order of precedence is often hard to observe and vigorously disputed. Another disadvantage of the "row" is the inevitable severance of most of the cottages from the land allotted to them.

Given an area of, say, five acres of land, ten pairs of cottages may be built upon it, arranged so that each occupier may step out of his door into his garden of a quarter of an acre, or smoke his

pipe in his little porch and watch the growth of his garden crops. In the selection of a site it is essential to be within a quarter, or not more than half a mile from a station, and near a good road. The land should be of good quality and naturally well drained. In my own case, such land, being near a large and growing population, will cost about £100 per acre; or, on long leasehold, about £3 or £4 per acre per annum, in the shape of ground-rent. Where a bolder application of some such scheme as I have indicated is entertained, freehold farms, or small estates, could be bought within fifteen or twenty miles of our largest towns for from £10 to £40 per acre. The quantity of land to be attached to each cottage must be determined by the wages and occupations of the occupiers. Where wages are high, or the daily work intermittent, it might be desirable to attach half, or even an acre of land to each cottage. My scheme, as I am hoping to apply it, is for the use of men who earn from 18s. to 25s. a week, and I shall probably find a quarter of an acre the maximum quantity.

I estimate that each cottage will cost £150, inclusive of fencing, roads, and drainage.

	£	s.	d.
Five per cent. interest on £150 . . .	7	10	0
Ground-rent, or interest on the value of the freehold, per quarter acre	1	0	0
Season ticket, per annum	2	0	0
Collection of rent, 7½ per cent.	0	19	6
Repairs, paint, &c., per annum	0	10	0
County rates and allowance for loss of rent .	1	10	0
	£13	9	6

Five shillings a week produces £13 per annum. In the agreements with tenants it will be necessary to give compensation for manure and cropping, in case of removal—incoming tenants to pay for the manure and crops they take to.

Commercially, or as a mere money-getting operation, this scheme will not be attractive, nor did I ever hope or intend that it should be so. It yields the most moderate return for the capital invested, but who would desire to scrape the maximum of profit out of the hard-earned wages of our working men? Moreover, I have